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Vol. 18 No 7

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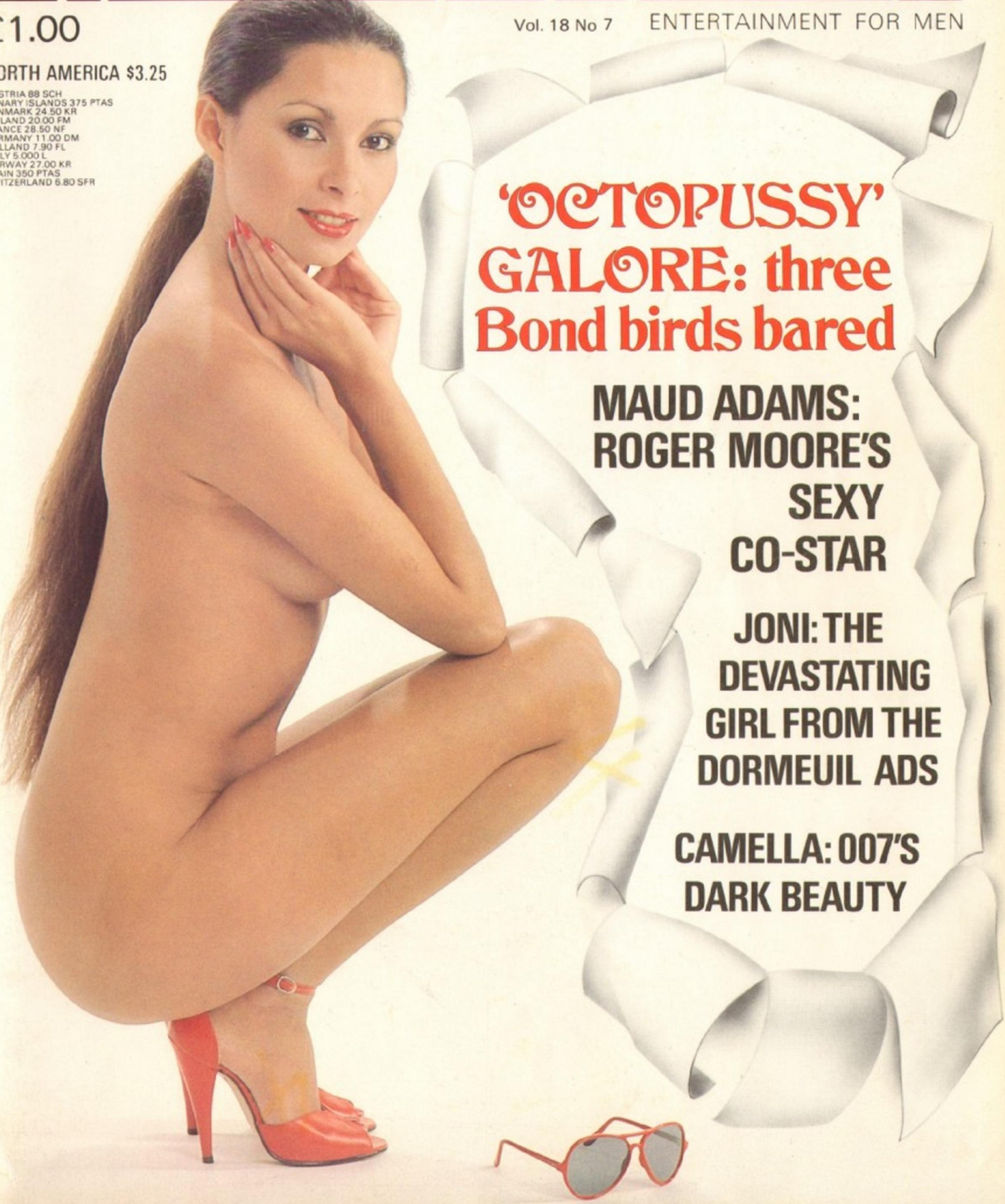
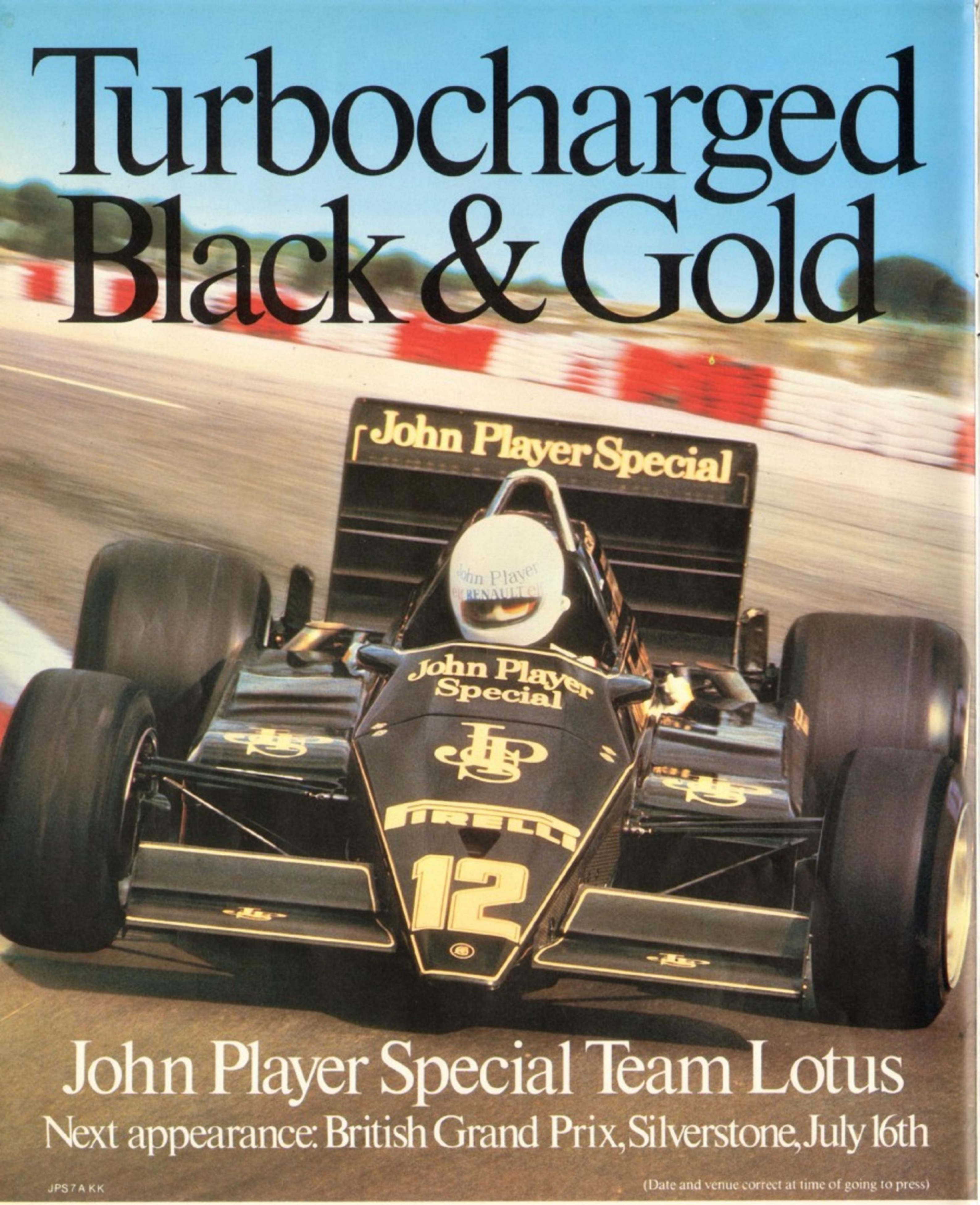


'OCTOPUSSY' GALORE: three Bond birds bared

MAUD ADAMS: ROGER MOORE'S SEXY CO-STAR

JONI: THE DEVASTATING GIRL FROM THE DORMEUIL ADS

CAMELLA: 007'S DARK BEAUTY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Cover: Model, Joni Flynn; photographed by Donald Milne.

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SCENE

You don't have to be James Bond to spot that this is one of *Mayfair's* most spectacular issues ever. Inside you'll detect that we've caught 007 fever, and with good reason. *Octopusy*, the secret agent's latest escapade stars the sensational film actress, Maud Adams, and we are proud to feature a delightful set of her. Not only that but we are also presenting two familiar faces who are Bond birds, namely **Joni Flynn and Camella Thomas.**

Maud Adams (the exclusive set of her begins on page 31) plays the title role in *Octopussy*, a mysterious millionairess who owns a sinister circus. We are not the only ones to be impressed by Maud's beauty. Bond producer, Cubby Broccoli recognised it when first he picked her to play a major part in *The Man with the Golden Gun*, making *Octopussy* her second Bond epic – a unique claim. The photographs of her taken by her ex-husband Roy Adams capture her distinctive charm perfectly.

Our cover and centre-girl, this month is another Bond beauty, Joni Flynn. Joni is married to one of our regular photographers, Donald Milne, who photographed the cover and the centre page pictures (starting on page 51). Born in India, Joni plays a dual role in the new Bond film. Firstly, she is one of *Octopussy's* army of lethal lovelies. Secondly, she is one of the three girls dancing scantily clad in silhouette during the title sequence, along with *Page Three* girl, Janine Andrews, and the lady who was such a success on the cover of our Vol 18 No 3, Corinne Russell. Joni's other claim to fame is as the star of the Dormeuil advertisement – one of the most successful advertisements of the twentieth century – and anathema to many feminists. Sleek and sulty on her pedestal, she has come off it just for us.

But our connection with the new film doesn't end there. Also amongst Octopussy's army are Camella Thomas and Helene Hunt. Black beauty Camella has, quite frankly, two of the most magnificent breasts we've featured since her last appearance in Vol 13 No 10 (now out of print). Now there's a chance to admire them again on page 101. Helene, sadly, doesn't appear in this issue, but she has been our cover-girl on Vol 17 No 2 and the *Best of Mayfair No 1*.

Finally, if you are interested in the story behind the girls and gadgetry of the 007 films, *The Battle of the Bonds* (page 49), looks at their history. It also asks what happens when there are two Bonds (Connery and Moore) fighting it out?

Octopussy's attractive army gathered around James Bond, including Camella Thomas (top right) and Joni Flynn on Roger Moore's right.

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LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Having enjoyed my first sexual encounters during the heady sixties when tights were the standard female issue, I have never included myself in the legions of stockings and suspender fanciers – until recently.

My conversion took place one spring afternoon on Waterloo Bridge, of all places, not a very likely place for a major sexual revelation, I must admit. I was walking along the Embankment and as I climbed the steps onto the bridge I noticed a shapely bum just ahead of me. It belonged to a slim blonde in her twenties, and as my glance ran down her figure to her sexy legs I noticed she had on what I thought were black seamed tights.

I followed her onto the bridge, and when a sudden gust of wind caused her dress to billow up I could hardly believe my eyes – it revealed a beautiful black suspender belt, and above her stocking tops I caught a glimpse of white thighs.

She quickly fought the dress back into place, but that beautiful vision of stockings, suspenders and thighs has made me a firm convert to the league of stocking fanciers.

In fact I went out the next day, and bought a similar set for my girlfriend. She took some persuading, but is now quite willing to wear them. My next step will be to get her to leave them on while we make love. I'd love to feel those stockinged legs wrapped around my back.

B F, Islington

At last you have featured one of the super girls from the TV series, *Dynasty*. Your pictures of Pamela Sue Martin were both tasteful and erotic. Thanks again.

GKN, Knowle

Thank you so much for the pictures of Pamela Sue Martin, Fallon in *Dynasty*, in your Vol 18 No 5 edition. They were super. I have been a fan of the programme since it started in the country, and always hoped you would feature the most attractive girl in it. People make a fuss about Joan Collins, but Pamela is infinitely preferable.

HT Vernon, Cardiff

When you see my initials you might understand my admiration for your pictures of Fallon in Vol 18 No 5. But coincidence apart, they were truly lovely, more of the same please.

JR, Norwich

The pictures of Pamela Sue Martin were much appreciated by a great number of readers. Here is a quick glimpse of her as she appeared in Vol 18 No 5. Dynasty *will be back on our screens in the autumn.*

I am a New Zealand reader of *Mayfair*, and look forward to each issue, even though we get it about four weeks behind the UK. I felt I had to write to compliment you on Vol 18 No 1, which featured Sarah. With that natural smile and lovely body she must be in contention for a centre-spread, and very soon, I hope. How about another set for her Antipodean fan?

M Carter, Auckland, NZ

One of my friends who is working in Dubai presented me with a copy of *Mayfair* when he came to India some time ago. It really is entertaining, and I still treasure it.

I have read it from cover to cover, and now I have a long look at the girls every night before going to bed. In fact on several occasions I have dreamed of making love to them.

It is a shame that I can't find any *Mayfairs* in India. I don't know if they are not allowed here, but I have seen none on the bookstalls.

Sometimes I envy you westerners for your free and uninhibited lifestyle. I believe we Indians are hypocrites because we think and feel the same way you do, but adhere to false standards of decency. Can you believe that I am still a bachelor at the age of 23? Now you can understand why I have gone raving mad after reading *Mayfair*.

I find the letters fascinating, and the Quest interviews are erotica *par excellence*. I often imagine myself taking the male lead in the interviews.

S Hussein, Nagpur, INDIA

I have been been reading *Mayfair* for two years and think you should interview entertainers in your Quest surveys to see what effect being in the limelight has on their sex lives.

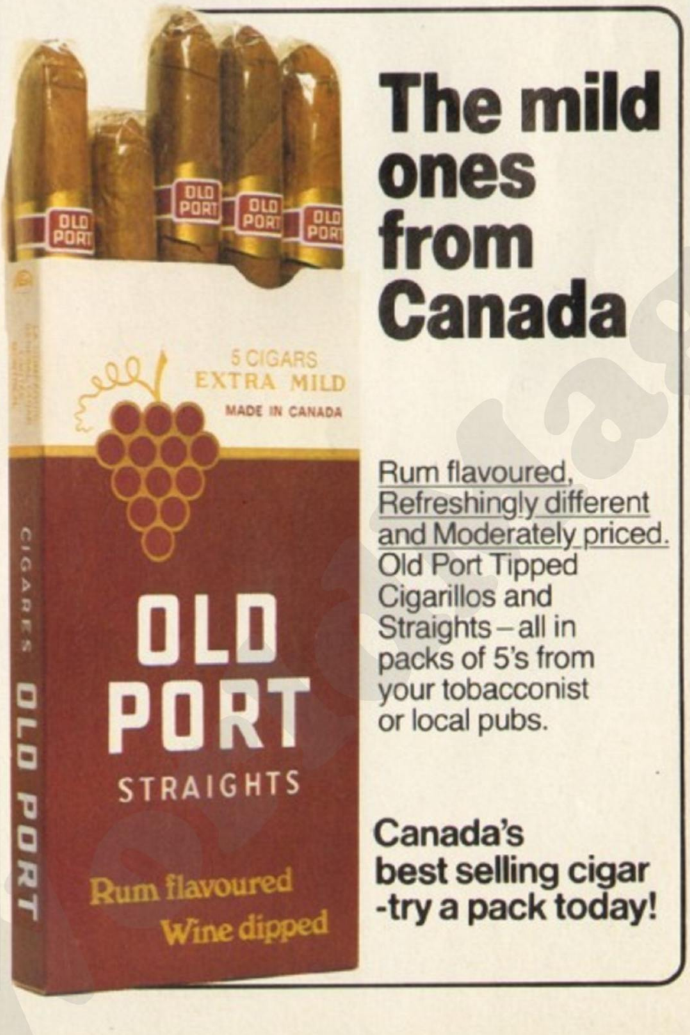
I have been a musician for ten years and as a result have had quite a number of sexual experiences, arising, I believe, entirely from my occupation.

About a year ago I went to North Africa for a three-month gig in a five star hotel. The hotel was full to capacity with British tourists, and my job was director of entertainment, public relations and house musician, a lot of fun, all in all, for a 24-year-old.

Each week new tourists would arrive and it was my job to see that they were all entertained. Occasionally there would be single girls travelling in groups or pairs. As they arrived I would be sitting by the pool playing soft music. They would be admiring the gardens, pool and waterfall, while I would be checking them out.

One morning I looked out of

turn to page 110



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Pauline

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL TAYLOR

You'd have to have plenty of stamina to go out with 22-year-old Pauline Phillips. For she is a firm believer in pedal power and if you can't keep up with her on those weekend cycle marathons, then forget it. 'I love to get out in the countryside on a Sunday, and usually drag a boyfriend along with me. The combination of fresh air, exercise, and a man's legs in shorts always turns me on, so they're no fun at all if they don't have much energy left when we stagger back to my flat.'

Pauline lives in Hammersmith and keeps her trim 36–24–36 in shape by cycling to Holborn every day where she works as a legal secretary. 'In general motorists are quite considerate, though I once had to brandish my pump at a German tourist who seemed to have forgotten which side of the road he was suppósed to be on.' She met one of her boyfriends while commuting. 'I used to see a dishy guy in a sports car and we'd smile at each other. Then on an impulse I wrote my name and phone number in the dust on his bonnet when he'd stopped at the traffic lights. He phoned and now you could say we often ride tandem.'

PIRELLIBILITY

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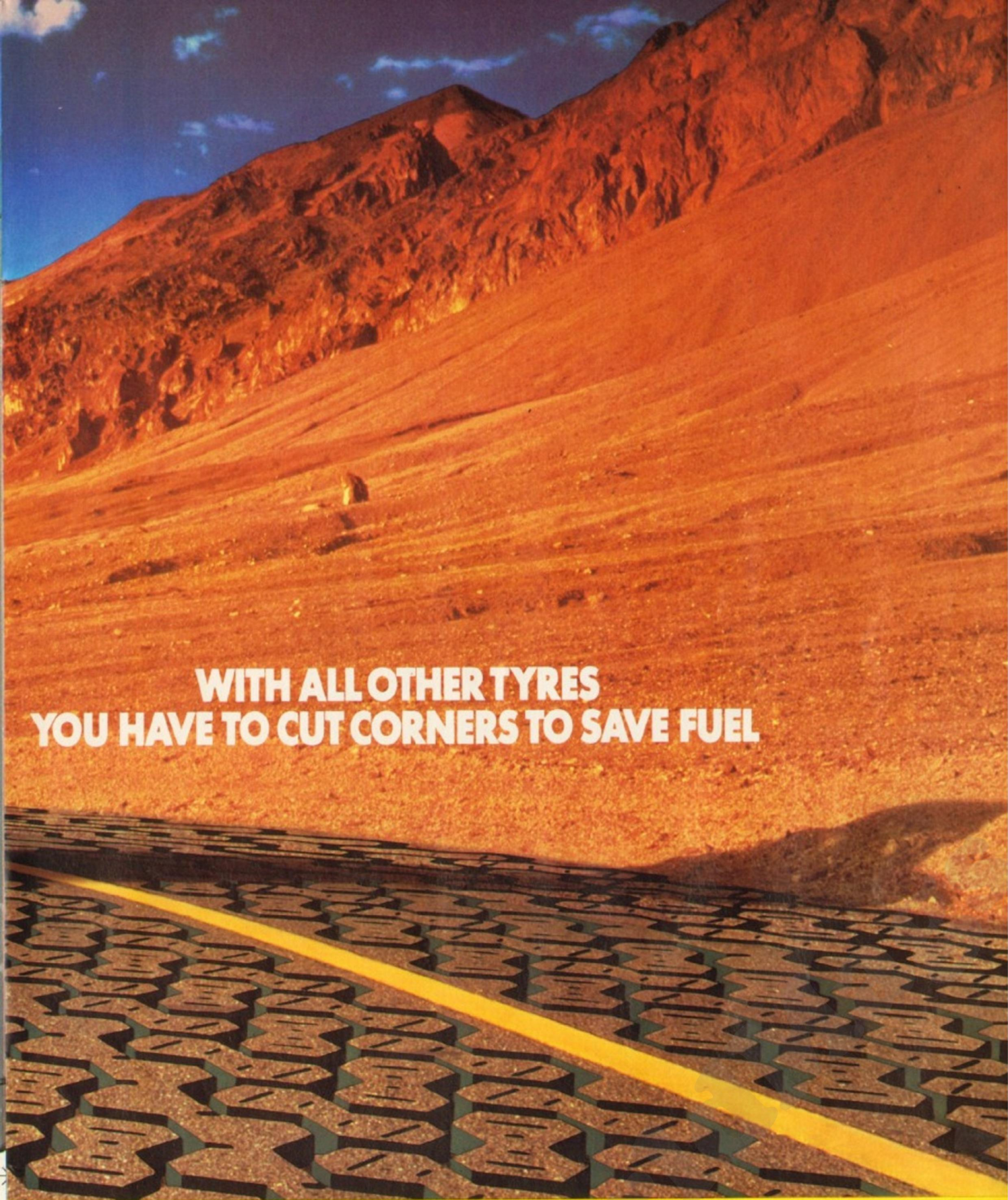

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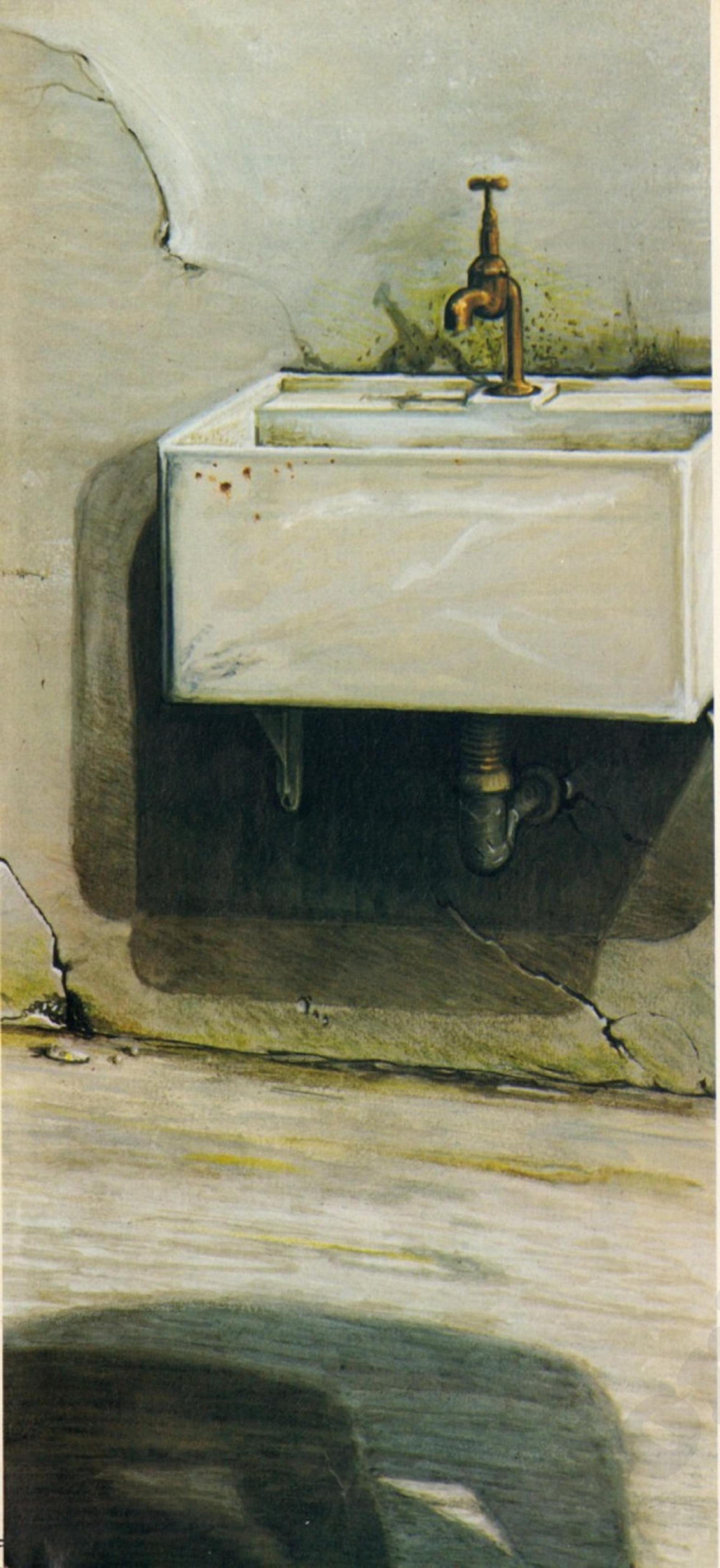

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN CAINE

It was his first time inside, but he hadn't expected such brutal treatment. Then the cell door opened and for the first time he felt real fear

IMPACT

Fiction by John LeGassick

The Governor leaned forward in his chair, his hands resting still and relaxed on the top of the massive desk at the end of the Long Room as he looked down on the prisoner's records. To each side of him, and slightly to the rear, stood two prison officers, the peaks of their caps almost flattened against their foreheads, and the sharply creased uniforms reflecting their military training. Each man was heavy shouldered, standing six feet six inches tall with their right hands gripping a black, hard-wood club, and the air of menace and crushing authority surrounding them an almost tangible thing as the sounds of marching feet in the outside corrider approached the door.

The footsteps came to a crashing halt, coinciding with a stentorian, rapid order of, 'Prisoner 'alt. Left turn,' then a pause, followed by a quick angry, 'Stand still you stupid man!' A knock at the door preceded its opening to reveal in the doorway a prison officer, similar in all respects to the men standing behind the Governor, and a burly young man in prison clothing, who, among his fellows would be considered to be of impressive physique, but was dwarfed into insignificance in the present company.

Once again the deafening shout of the prisoner's escort shattered the silence. 'Prisoner! By the left. Quick march!' They stepped off together across the square flagstones paving the floor until they arrived at a white line painted on the floor about 12 feet from the desk, then the escorting officer barked, 'Prisoner 'alt.'

The young man clumsily obeyed as his escort glanced down to see that the prisoner's boots were an inch short of the line, and in one quick movement, the officer went down almost on one knee to slam his club across the prisoner's toes, and rose again to shout: 'Toe the line you stupid man. What do you think it's there for?'

The Governor continued to read without pause as a sudden gasp of pain from the prisoner was instantly followed by his escort's bellow of, 'Keep silence!' Then, apart from the prisoner's laboured breathing, a brooding silence descended on the room. In the stillness of the morning, prisoner and escort stood at the line as the Governor leafed through the record, the seconds dragging into minutes with the four standing men in a frozen tableaux as they waited for the Governor to acknowledge the presence of the prisoner. At last he closed the folder and looked up, his cold grey eyes ranging over the prisoner for a long minute, then at the escorting officer who snapped off a military salute. 'Sir. Prisoner number 365614 from reception.'

The Governor returned his attention to the young man. 'I see from your papers that you are quite a tough young man. Resisting arrest. Causing actual bodily harm. Joyriding in other people's cars. Criminal damage, and breaking probation, for which you have been sentenced to six months corrective training within this establishment.' He sighed. 'Well my young friend, I think after you have been here a year or two you will be quite cured of such antisocial behaviour. In fact I shall be more than surprised if your character has not been transformed from arrogant brutality to reserved humility. Have you anything to say?'

The prisoner licked his lips nervously. 'Yes sir. How is it that when the court gave me six months, you say, "After I have been here a year or two"?'

The Governor's expression became openly hostile. 'Because I know your type only too well. You are a conscienceless bully and thief, and you will spend the greater part of your life in prison at great cost to a society who can ill afford it. Furthermore, my experience of your kind is that it will take at least a year to bring you to heel, and as to your sentence? The court merely recommends what it thinks suitable for those who will be model prisoners, and I can see from your record and demeanour that you will never be one of those. I'm certain of that. 'The prisoner shifted his weight from one aching foot to the other and the Governor glared at him. 'Why are you fidgeting? The officer told you to stand still, did he not?'

'I'm sorry sir, it's because my feet hurt where the officer hit me with his club.'

'When did this happen!' demanded the Governor. The prisoner glanced nervously at his escort. "A couple of minutes ago, sir.'

The Governor came to his feet. 'Do you mean to charge this officer with an assault upon your person in my presence.'

'Well, yes sir,' the prisoner answered hesitantly. The Governor turned to the officers behind him. 'Either of you two men witness an assault?'

'No sir,' answered one.

'Definitely not sir,' answered the other.

The Governor turned back to the prisoner. 'You will be held in solitary confinement for two weeks until the next magistrates visit, charged with making malicious allegations against officer James, for which you may expect to be awarded a further three months. March him out Mr James.'

Ten minutes later the prisoner was thrust into a high ceilinged cell, and the door slamming shut behind him sent diminishing echoes reverberating along the outside corridor. He looked around the starkly bare place to see a seatless lavatory bowl made of concrete and beside it a washbasin made of the same material with a press tap in the wall above it. There was no bed, mattress or blankets and it was very cold. A small unglazed barred window eight feet from the floor admitted the pale winter light, and from outside it came the tramp of marching feet and the hectoring shouts of drill instructors. He pressed the tap valve to drink, but only the rattling noise of air in the pipes came out, and suddenly the nervous dryness of his mouth was replaced with a burning thirst. He glanced into the lavatory bowl to find it fouled by the previous occupant and an involuntary shudder shook his body. Then his eyes filled with the tears of self pity as he lowered himself to the floor with his back up against the wall, his knees up to his chest, and rested his head on his folded arms.

His thoughts turned to home and the gang. They would all still be in bed at this time of the day, conserving their energy for the night and the hell-raising which was their way of life, and he knew in his heart that in a few short weeks he would be forgotten. Among them he had been King with his reputation as a hard nut firmly established, and no-one daring to challenge him, but not any more.

Here he was number 365614. An object of indifferent contempt with the certain knowledge that the slightest infringement of the rules or complaint of ill-treatment would add to his sentence.

He raised his head, and wiped the tears from his eyes with his sleeve as he recalled the boasting of his contemporaries who had 'done time'. They all claimed they could do their porridge in silent contempt of the authorities, but none had ever described places like this with officers built like brick shit-houses, and apparently at liberty to beat

turn to page 39

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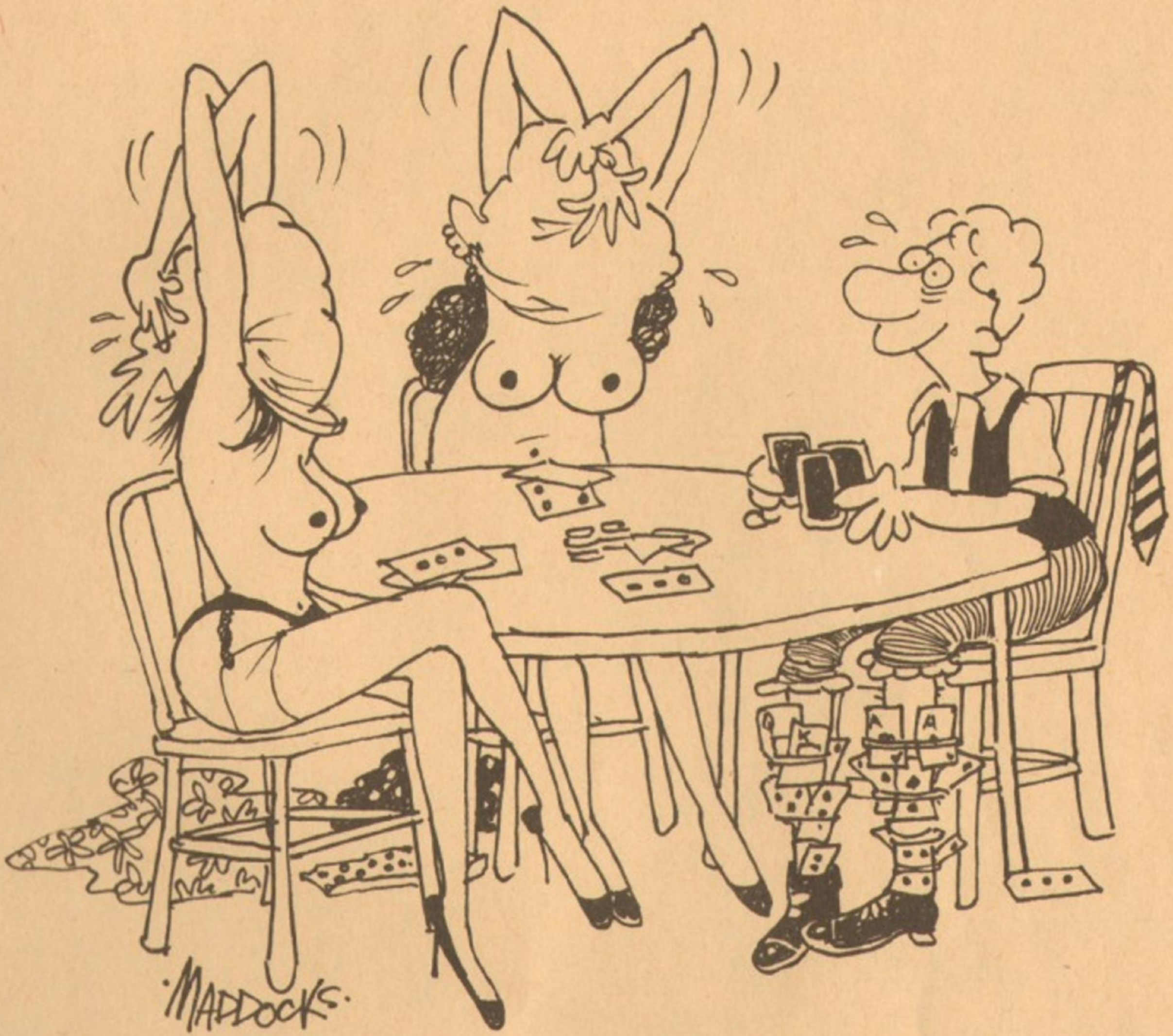

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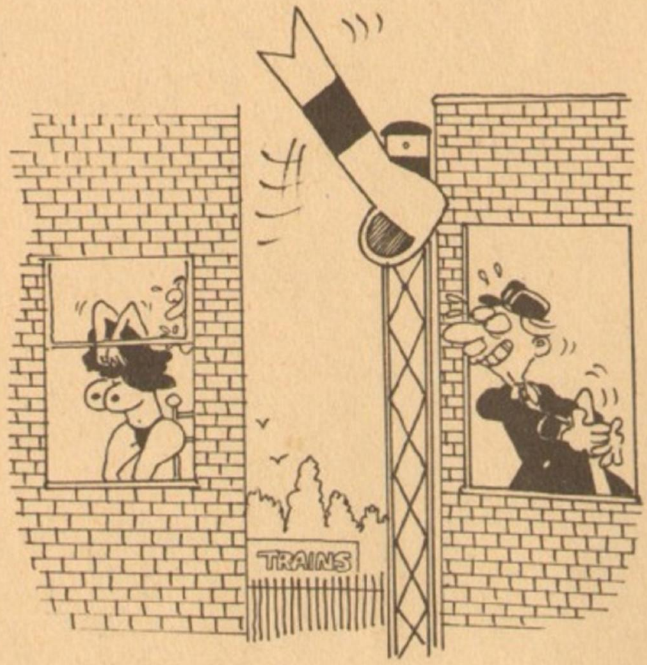

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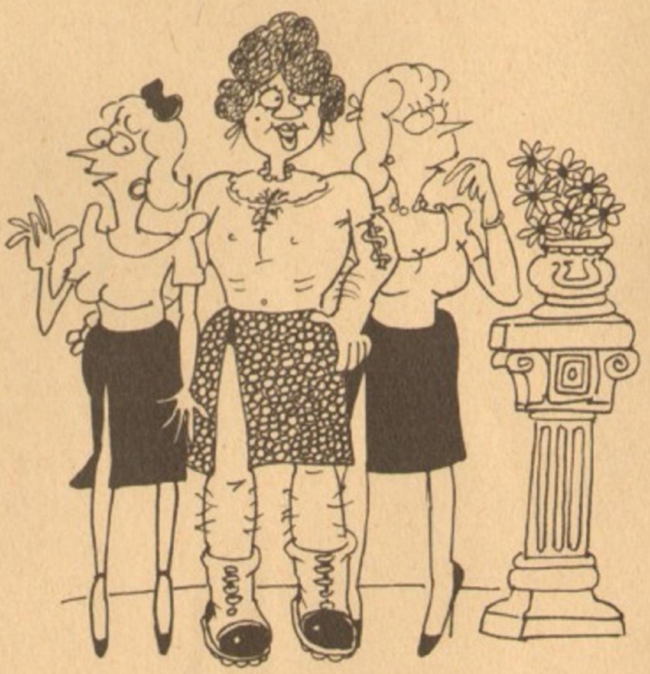

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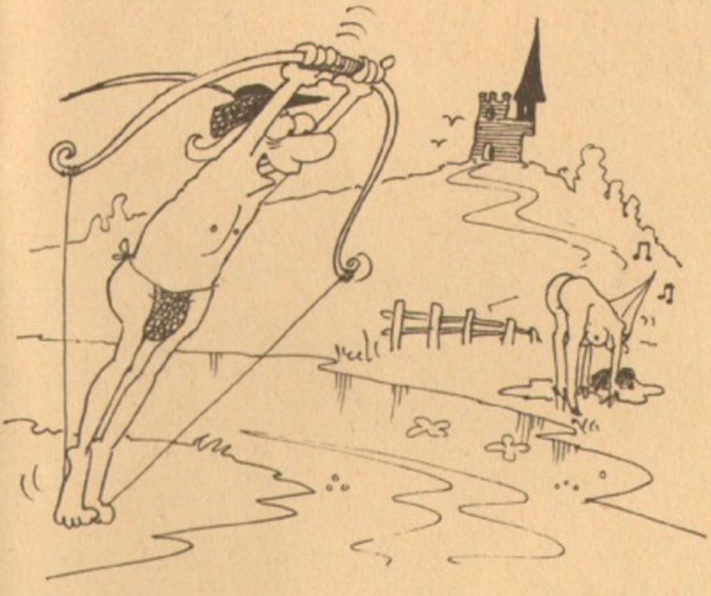

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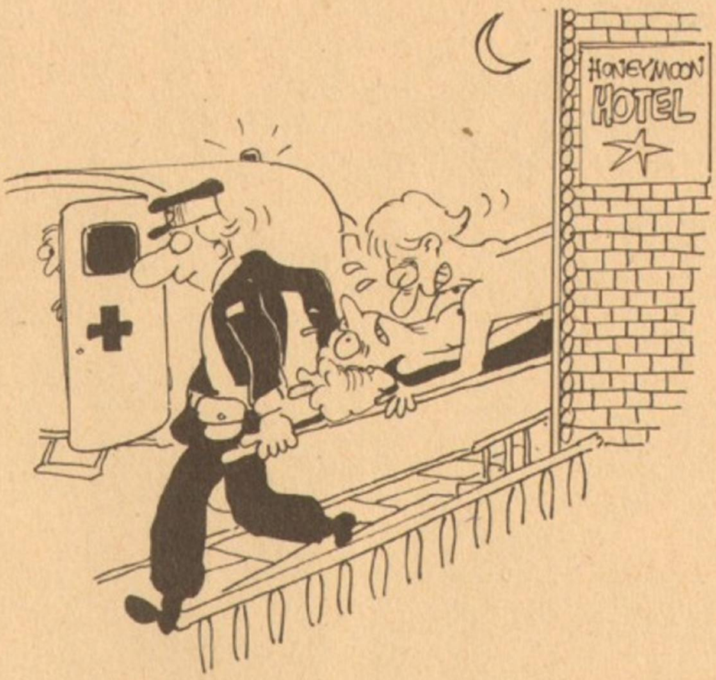
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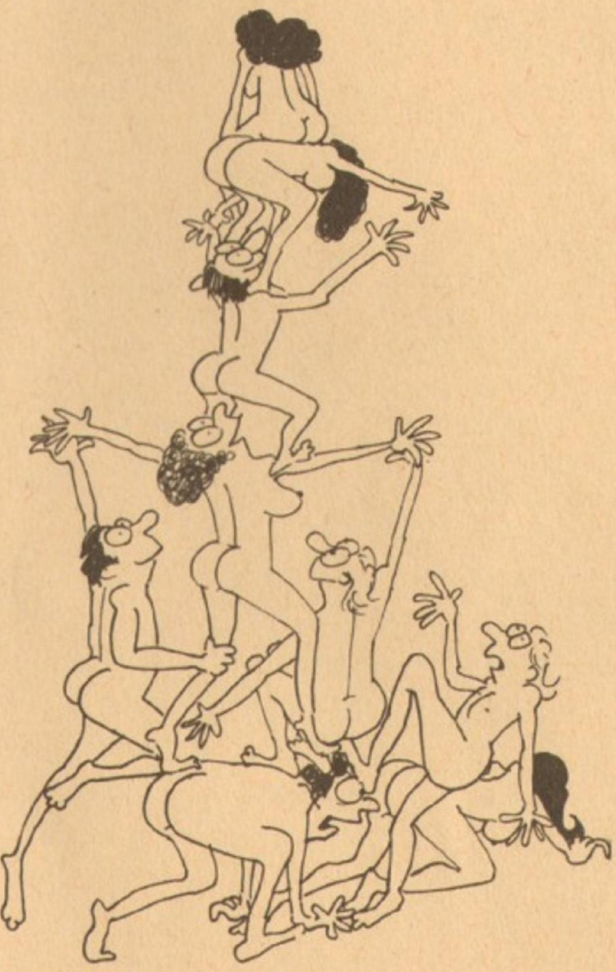

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

Broadly speaking, the difference in the cuisine of Austria and Germany is that the 'Eastern Reich' favours wine, the Fatherland, strong lager *bier*. Their cooking is very similar, but not for the weight conscious. Three excellent Austrian eating houses in London are Ilse and Herbert's **Kerzenstüberl**, Jozsi Hanakampf's long-established **Old Vienna**, and Josef Friedmann's **Tiroler Hut** bierkeller restaurant in Westbourne Grove. They all offer staff in *leiderhosen* and *dirndl*. All have an infectious sing-along quality, and are three places where I can thoroughly recommend you leaving the car at home before you set out. It is not that one goes to an Austrian *stüberl*, or café restaurant bar, to get drunk. It is more a case of becoming carried away on the wings of song, good food and wine. My only other advice is to not eat all day in order to enjoy the rich cooking, laden with brandy and other sauces, dumplings, red and white cabbage in the Austro/German fashion with lots of native wine.

The Old Vienna is London's longest-established Austrian restaurant. Ilse used to work with Jozsi there before she left to start her own place with her husband. *The Old Vienna* is in the basement of 94 New Bond Street, W1 (*tel: 629 8716*). It is a virtual museum of Austrian antiques and bric-á-brac. You just know there's a song coming on even as you cross the threshold, and are greeted in a most professional manner by Mine Host, and sat down opposite tables laden with cold goodies. *Vorspeisen* or first courses include, *heringsalat* (herrings in cream), ham salad, wurst, in addition to smoked trout and salmon.

Prices at both *The Old Vienna* and *The Kerzenstüberl* are similar. Soups are from just over £1 to £1.60 but you will, of course, pay nearly £3 for lobster. *Hühn* means chicken. *Brat* and *backhühn* are halves of the bird, at £4.90 in *The Kerzenstüberl*. *Paprikahühn* (off the bone in a light paprika cream sauce) brings out the Hungarian influence still very much alive today in Austrian cuisine. *Kalbsleber nach wahl* means, simply, liver cooked to your choice (£6.30), which is another excellent dish to be found throughout German-speaking Europe. But it is the *bauernschmaus*, £6.50, or mixed grill, which remains for me the test of any trencherman. It arrives on a large oval server and includes pork and bacon, dumplings, potatoes, sauerkraut and rotkraut (white and red cabbage).

Space hardly allows me to sing the praises of *gespickter rindsbraten/sommelknödel* (sirloin with bacon in a rich burgundy sauce – £5.40) or the *tafelspitz* (boiled beef with cold sauces). And as for the desserts. . . . Yum! The *Kerzenstüberl* is at 9 St Christopher's Place, W1 (*tel: 486 3196/8103*). Go there for an excellent business lunch, or especially in the evening when the tone and décor resembles the delightful late summers in the Wildschönau Valley in Tirol, and the singing, led by Herbert and Ilse, is even better!

Music is the first thing you will hear as you step down from the pavement of 27 Westbourne Grove, W2, into Josef Friedmann's *Tiroler Hut* (*tel: 727 3981*) – played by the host, himself. It is open every night of the week from 6 pm, until 1 am. Use it as a pub – there is a separate bar with no obligation to eat – or enjoy a sit-down dinner, bottle of wine or a foaming glass of Lowenbraü. Josef and his own solo performance midway through the evening with his musical cowbells, are excellent. The herring fillets here are called *matjesfilet in apfelrahm* (£1.50) with fresh cream and sliced apple. *Eidelweis* seems to be every encore. It is most condusive to *schweinbraten mit knödel* (pork with dumplings), and a £4.50 bottle of *falkensteiner* house wine from the Burgenland.

Diners link arms and sway in typical Tirolean fashion. People request songs, re-order wine and beer, eat far more than they should, and thoroughly enjoy themselves. Night-time parking near the *Tiroler Hut* is a damn nuisance. I would suggest you take a taxi, or the Metropolitan line instead.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reveiwed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.

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Impotence-Doctors Report

In recent years statistics have shown an alarming increase in the number of men *of all ages* who admit to the depressing prospect that they are partially or totally impotent (in other words they are unable to obtain or maintain a full penile erection). In our present society loss of sexual capacity can and does strike men of all ages.

In the past there was little that could be done to relieve this frightening condition. Many sufferers in desperation were forced to resort to unorthodox *quack* cures which proved scientifically ineffective. However doctors now report that there is a simple and effective way for men to regain their potency, which has been subjected successfully to modern scientific tests (writes a Medical Correspondent).

Stress and strain

Many reasons have been put forward to explain the condition known as partial impotence. Stress, tension and modern pressures all undoubtedly have an effect on sexual performance. Too little exercise, too much alcohol, too many cigarettes – all contribute to lowering the overall efficiency of the body and so help impotence to gain a hold.

Once it does, many men try to put the idea to the back of their minds, or to pretend that it is 'normal' at their age. Ashamed of what their friends might say if they knew, too embarrassed to seek medical advice, they hope it is just a passing phase, something that will somehow, given time, right itself. But all too often a psychological block sets in, and rather than get better the condition gets worse.

Eventually the sufferer comes to convince himself that the inability to get an erection – or at best to get only a partial one – is something that has to be accepted and lived with. However the idea that any healthy man must put up with reduced sexual vigour and loss of erectile capacity is simply not true.

New findings

Recent medical investigations have shown that an aid called the Blakoe Energising Ring can restore full capacity and greatly increase rigidity of erection in men with impotence problems.

The Ring is worn around the penis and scrotum and by generating a minute electrical current produces an energising effect on the sexual organ, improving blood flow through the genitals and enhancing erectile capacity.

Reports in medical journals

Results of medical investigations into the Blakoe Energising Ring have already led to publication of reports in medical journals testifying to its efficiency under medically observed conditions.

A report in "Medical Digest" by a General Practitioner describes the successful treatment of patients with the Blakoe Energising Ring with very encouraging results. Consider the three examples which he quotes.

One patient was a fit and active 60-year old who found that after wearing the Blakoe Energising Ring for only three weeks his erections had become 40 to 50 per cent more rigid and his frequency of intercourse had increased from 3 to 4 per month to 8 per month. There was also a definite increase in muscle tone and penile dimensions.

Enthusiastic wife

A second patient, himself a doctor, complained that he could no longer get a really firm and first class erection of the sort he had been used to. Injections of male hormones had been no help, but within three weeks of using the Blakoe Energising Ring he reported erections as good as ever they had been in his youth. His wife testified to this most enthusiastically. He also noticed an improved feeling of well-being, increased physical stamina and that the physical dimensions of the penis were greater and its tone was improved.

In ten days

A third patient – a man of 59 – found his penis would never become more than semi-stiff, despite the definite sexual attraction of his wife. With the correct sized Blakoe Energising Ring he noticed a distinct difference within ten days.

Erections became as good as they had ever been in his most active youth, and after two months use he had forgotten he ever suffered from impotence.

A specialist's report

Writing in the British Journal of Psychiatry and the medical publication "On Call", a specialist with a particular interest in sexual difficulties reported trials of the Blakoe Energising Ring in thirty men suffering from impotence. Many of them had undergone previous treatment – including hormones – without benefit.

These patients with an average age of 35 took part in specially designed controlled clinical trials. Assessment of the result was made using a sexual rating scale (usually used for drugs). At the end of the trials the doctor declared that the Blakoe Energising Ring had a statistically significant effect in overcoming impotence. In lay terms this means that the device could be considered a medically acceptable treatment for impotence.

Robert Chartham: Impressive results

Dr. Robert Chartham, PhD., the world-renowned expert on sexual problems, tested the Blakoe Energising Ring on a number of particularly difficult cases of impotence which he was treating. In his report he states: 'In my view the energising properties are remarkable, and I would have no hesitation in recommending the Blakoe Ring to young and middle-aged men. For elderly men, it is a boon. Nowadays I would not dream of having a day in London, or undertaking an unusually heavy physical task without wearing mine'.

Five of the men he treated reported that within three weeks they could obtain and hold a firm erection during intercourse while wearing the Ring, and soon after they could achieve the same firmness without the assistance of the Ring.

Dr. Chartham also maintained that the electrical effect was an important aspect of the Energiser.

In addition to these Doctors' reports, readers will find the following testimonials interesting, thousands of which have been received during the 45 years that the Blakoe Energising Ring has been available.

. . . I must say the energising ring is fantastic. I find it comfortable to wear, and it really does work . . . I must give full marks to the 'energiser' it makes one ready at a moment's notice . . . *From a Physician M.B., Ch.B.*

. . . Three weeks ago I received an energiser . . . I am absolutely thrilled at the effects produced by it in so short a time, both in respect of my Urinary system, general well-being and of erection, which, from being almost non-existent is now firm and strong, with intercourse resumed after many months of enforced abstinence . . . *Mr. V. Scotland*

I have been wearing the Energiser . . . also noticed a decided benefit and improvement. I have just celebrated my 70th birthday and regret that I did not know of this discovery 20 years ago . . . *Mr. C Italy*

. . . I purchased 3 weeks ago a Blakoe Energising Ring and I just had to write this letter of appreciation to you to express my thanks for such a marvellous appliance. I wear it always and I do not know I have it on due to the comfort, but I certainly know I have it on for the results it gives . . . *Mr. B. Manchester*

. . . As far as I am concerned the results have been extraordinary. For nearly two years I had been, with highly qualified medical advice, taking various drugs, injections, etc. in an attempt to cure my near impotence. The effect, if any, was not to me noticeable. In some desperation I ordered your ring and the results were immediate, to my great astonishment and pleasure. *Mr. W. Wilts.*

. . . I was very impressed in the energising ring. I have had one for 2 years and have found it really marvellous, in fact it is everything your claims say it is . . . *Mr. D. Ches.*

. . . I purchased one of your energising rings about two weeks ago with I may say, sir, fantastic results. It's like a new world to me now as I have been impotent nearly twenty years and had almost given up hope . . . I will surely recommend it to anyone in the same position. *Mr. D. Southend.*

The Blakoe Energising Ring is made from lightweight hygienic material containing galvanic inserts which give it electrical energy. No batteries are required. The Blakoe Energising Ring comes in a range of sizes. Please make sure of receiving the correct size by measuring yourself as follows: Take a piece of string and pass it behind the testicles and underneath the neck of the testicle bag. Draw the two ends of the string together above the penis and close to the abdominal wall so that the string encircles both the penis and the neck of the testicle bag. Pull the string comfortably tight, mark the length and carefully measure. If there is uncertainty about the measurement, send the lowest obtained – in the event of an incorrect fitting Ring being supplied we will always make an exchange – no man can ever end up with an incorrectly fitting Ring.

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

David Bowie is one of the most influential figures in rock music today, and countless bands and singers have tried to imitate him. His latest album, **Let's Dance** (EMI America), his first since 1980's *Scary Monsters*, shows he isn't resting on his laurels. Bowie has teamed up with American Nile Rodgers of Chic who has co-produced the album. As well as featuring five new Bowie compositions, the album also features a stunning re-working of *Putting Out Fires*, the theme song from the film *Cat People* and *China Girl* which Bowie co-wrote with Iggy Pop in 1977. Of course the title track and recent hit single, *Let's Dance*, is included in its long version. There is a lot of emphasis on rhythm with horn arrangements added to some songs. As always with Bowie, each track is polished to perfection and it all adds up to one of the more exciting albums we are likely to hear this year.

Jimi Hendrix was a rock legend and one of the all-time guitar greats. His first single, *Hey Joe*, was released in January 1967 and by the time of his death in September 1970 he had written and recorded enough songs to set the standard for anyone else who dared to take up the electric guitar. He is the yardstick by which the talent of all guitarists will be measured, and as a reminder of just what he achieved, Polydor have released **The Singles Album**. It contains all his singles and B-sides from the hits like *Purple Haze, All Along the Watchtower* and *Voo-doo Child* to lesser-known songs like *51st Anniversary*. Also included is a stunning live version of the Van Morrison classic, *Gloria*, previously only available in a boxed set. These songs do not sound any more dated today than they did ten years ago, and this collection is a must for anyone who wants to find out where rock music has come from – and, in fact, where it is going – for it will take many bands of today years to catch up with Jimi.

One of the biggest names on the music scene during the 1950s was Guy Mitchell. During the early to middle part of that decade, before Elvis had turned the music industry inside out, Guy was topping the charts with numbers which have become standards, like *Singing the Blues*. Now, almost 30 years later Spot Records have released a compilation, **Guy Mitchell Greatest Hits.** A budget-priced album (it's a Pickwick company) it contains a total of 12 tracks, including *She Wears Red Feathers, My Truly, Truly Fair, Pretty Little Black Eyed Susy, Dime and a Dollar* and *Feet Up (Pat Him on the Po-Po).*

Nobody could doubt that the unexpected success of this year have been the Kids from Fame. Ever since the gyrating juveniles leapt onto our television screens and into our hearts, they have rarely left the charts. BBC records, the people who originally gave us the TV cast singles and albums that topped the charts, have now released the **Kids from Fame Live**. Recorded on their minitour of Britain last year, it has all the energy and excitement of the television show. Hits such as *Fame, Hi-Fidelity* and *Starmaker* may be full of show business cliches that are more at home in an Ethel Merman film of the forties, but schmaltz or not, it's compulsive stuff.

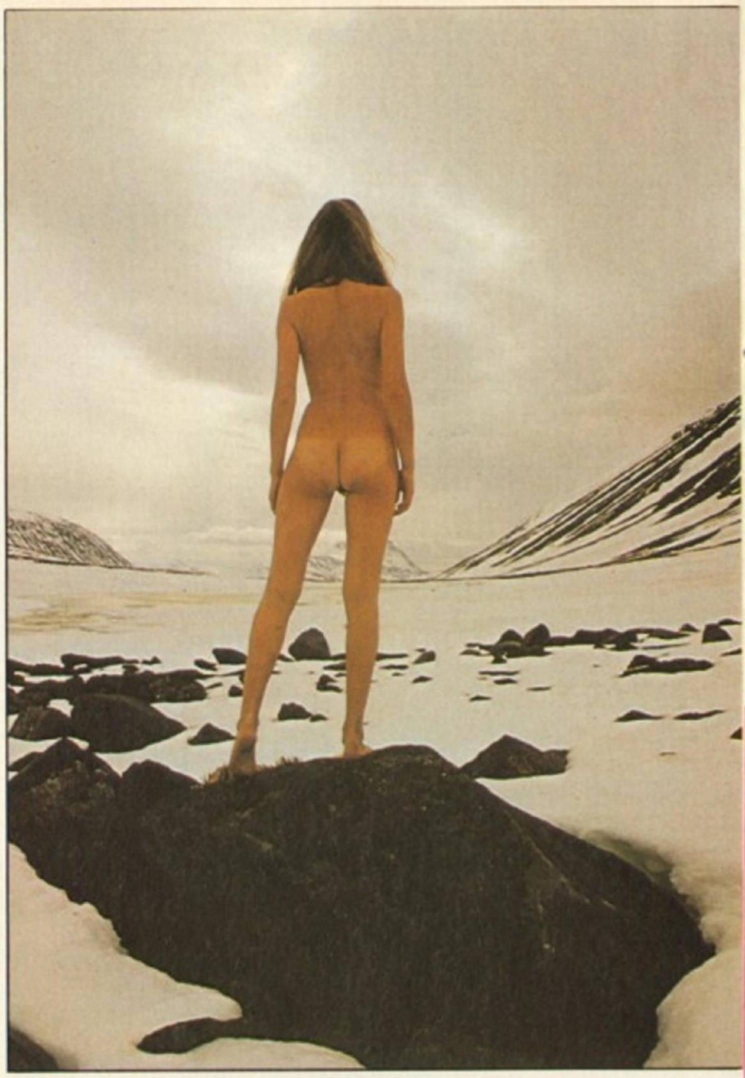
If you were to compile a list of people who had changed the faces of British rock, Pete Townsend would be pretty high on it. His work with the Who has become legendary and you have to dig down deep to find material that hasn't already become well known. But ATCO records have attempted to do just that and have come up with **Scoop**, a whole album of archive material. It includes original Who demo tapes, unused instrumentals like the piano segment of *Quadrophenia*, and experiments that though successful didn't fit into their previous albums. Not just an LP for Who connoisseurs, it provides not only some good listening but a valuable insight into the working mind of a highly talented rock musician.

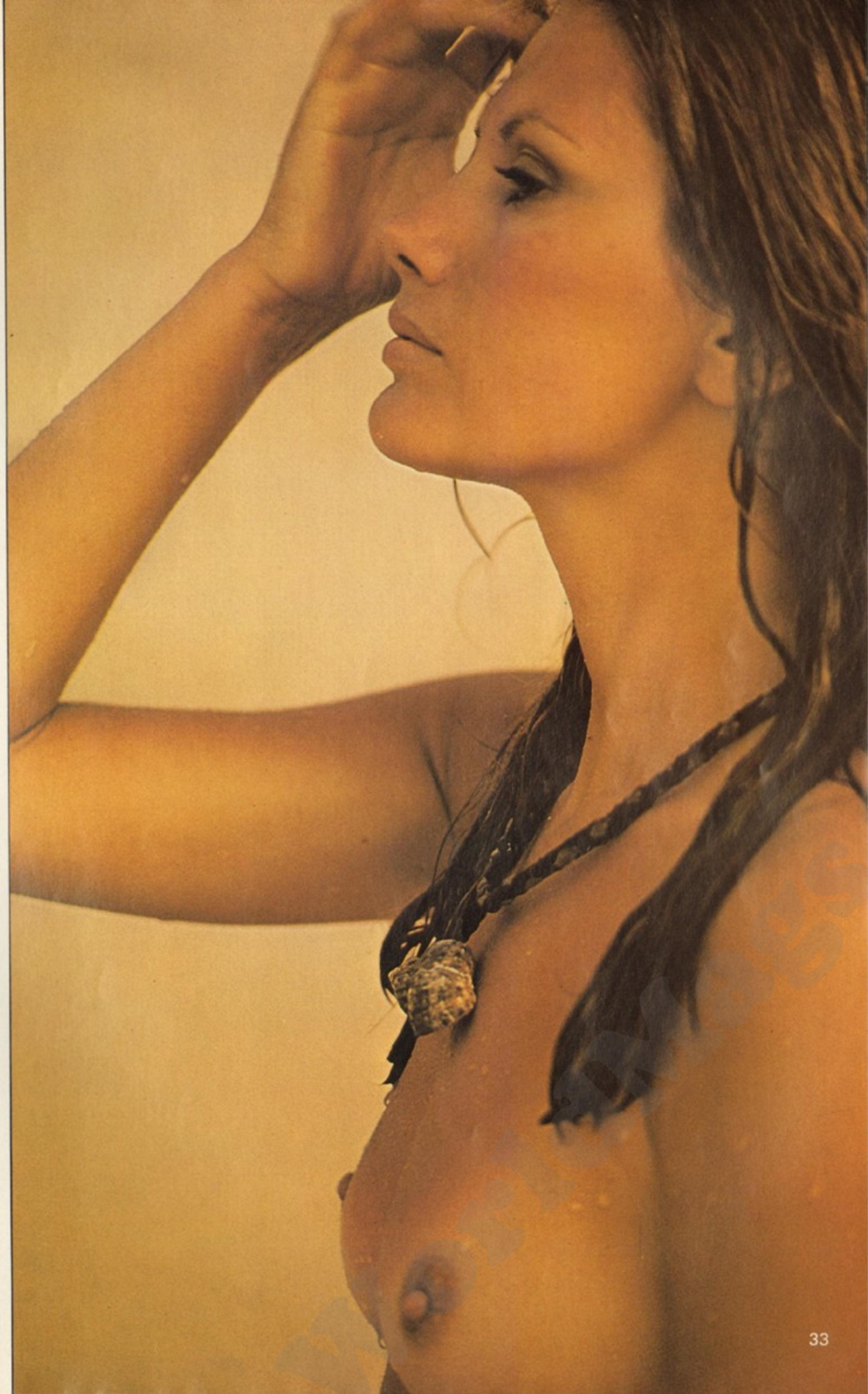
World-famous whistlers are a rare breed. But one who has made the transition to international singing star is Roger Whittaker, whose *Durham Town* shot him to fame in the sixties. Now EMI Records have released **My Favourite Love Songs**, a collection of 18 classics, including *Stranger on the Shore, Red Roses for a Blue Lady*, and *There Goes my Everything*.

MAUD ADAMS: STAR OF 'OCTOPUSSY'

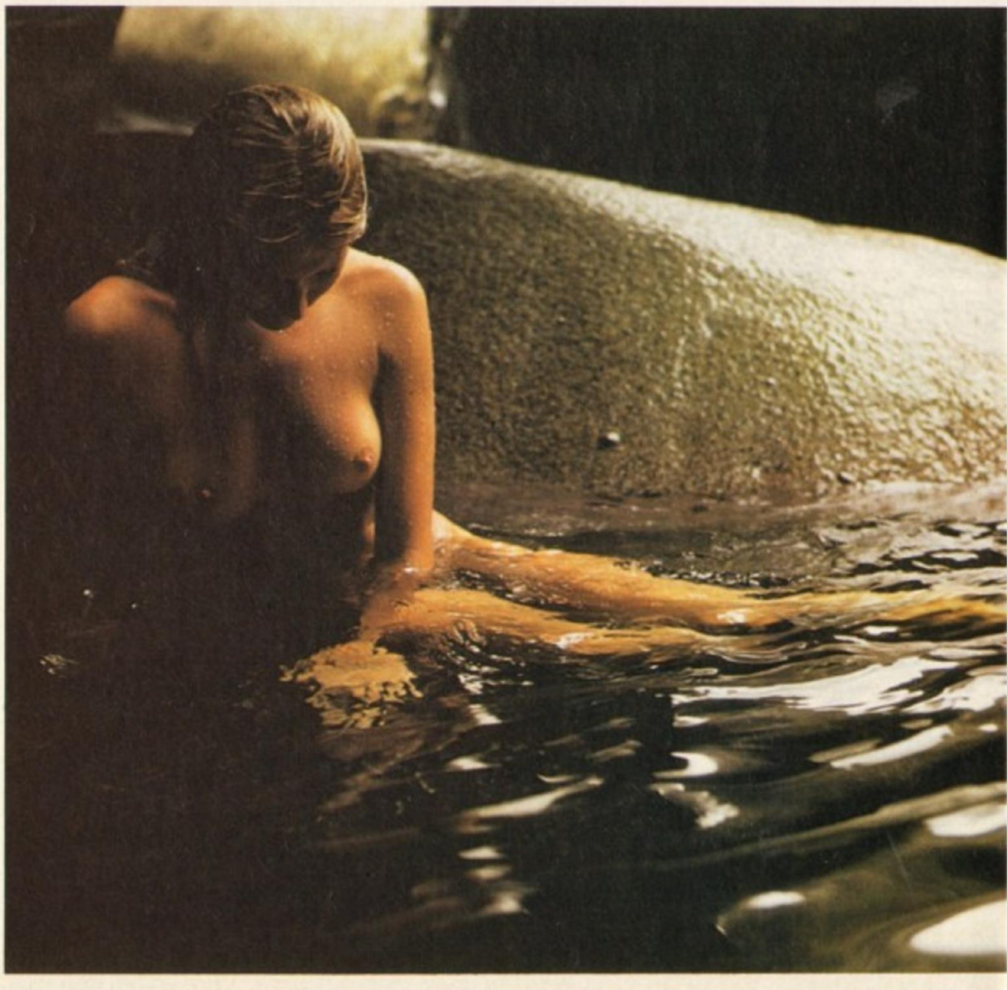
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY ADAMS

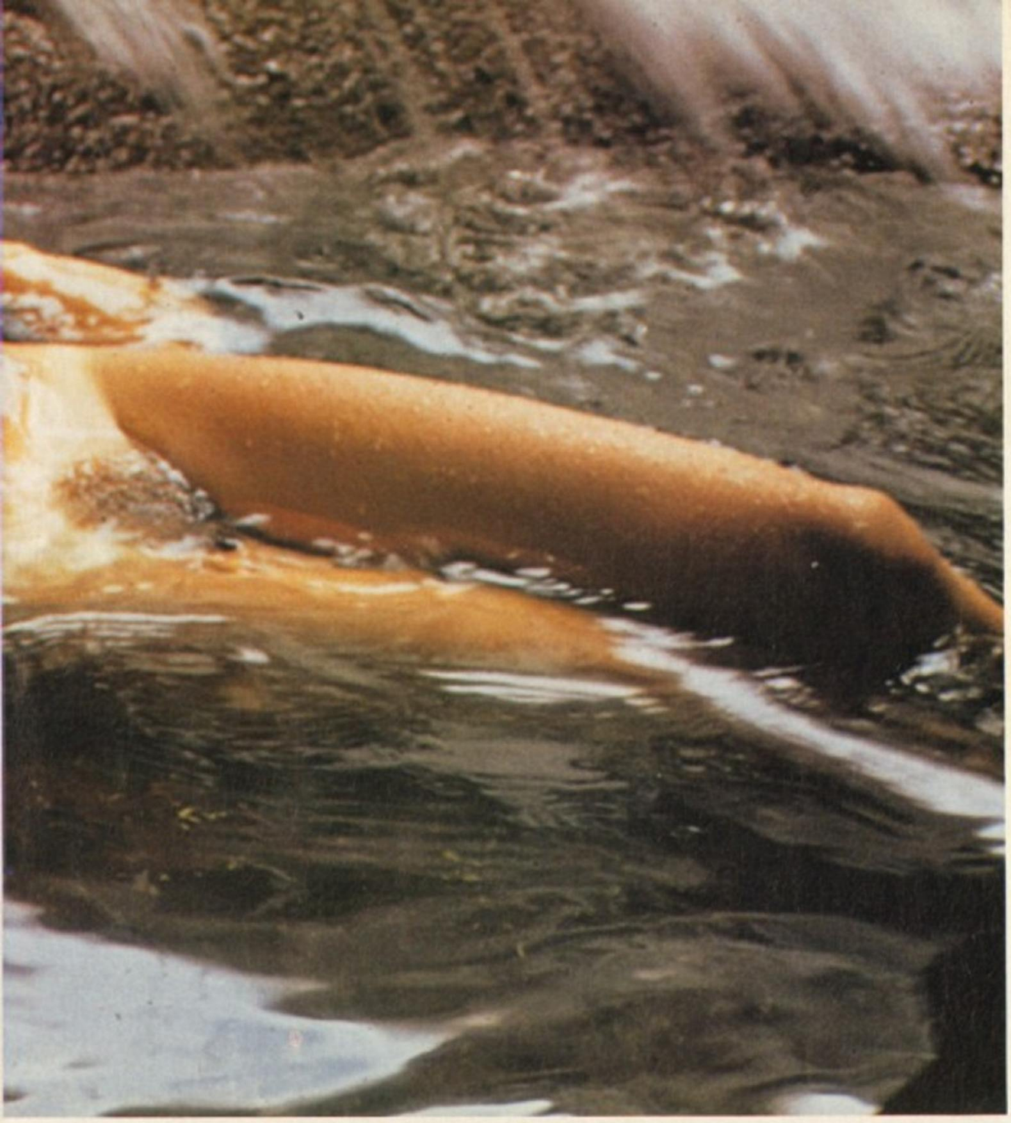
According to the song, nobody does it better than James Bond, and nobody produces Bond pictures better than Cubby Broccoli. Who could possibly doubt his judgement when he chooses as his leading lady, lovely 37-year-old Maud Adams, not once but twice. For not only is the sexy Swede the wealthy and sensuous Octopussy, the title role of the latest Bond escapade, but she also played the girlfriend of the evil Scaramanga in *The Man with the Golden Gun.* She's the only girl to have starred in two Bond pictures, and one up on such stars as Diana Rigg, Brit Ekland and Ursula Andress. We're sure there's no girl you'd rather see in the pages of *Mayfair.* And we're sure that 007 won't mind sharing her with us just this once.





In *Octopussy*, Maud plays the mysterious owner of the Octopussy Circus, surrounded by an army of loyal and lethal ladies all dressed in black leotards. But Bond discovers that unbeknown to her, the circus is a cover for a much more dangerous plot. Octopussy is the first female title role and producer Broccoli had her in mind from the very beginning. A far cry from her view of herself as a teenager. 'I was tall, skinny, flat-chested and everything else I shouldn't have been,' she said, but the ugly duckling turned into a very fine swan indeed. At 18 she won a beauty competition and her first modelling contract followed. It was to lead to a highly successful career as a fashion model, so she moved away from her home on the edge of the Arctic Circle to Paris. Needless to say she hasn't looked back since.





But her international fame as a model didn't satisfy her for long and soon she took to acting. After television commercials, under the guidance of Warren Robertson, one of the top drama coaches in America, she broke into films in *The Christian Liquorice Store* with Beau Bridges. Then after two Canadian films came *The Man with the Golden Gun* which rocketed her to stardom. Recently, as well as *Octopussy*, she was seen in *Tattoo* with Bruce Dern, and *Laura, Shades of Summer*, as well as on TV in *Chicago Story*. Maud now lives in sunny Los Angeles but longs to make a film back in Sweden with Ingmar Bergman, one of her heroes. 'That and being the first girl to appear in three Bond movies, of course,' she joked. And judging from these pictures, we reckon it's quite possible too.

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Impact

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up anyone they thought needed reminding of their position in this closed society.

The memory of the cold-eyed Governor and his 'Year or so' kept running through his mind, his throat filled with emotion, and like the bursting of a dam he wept uncontrollably. After a while he felt the cold from the concrete floor seeping up through his body, and he grimaced as he came to his feet, lifting them gently one at a time to relieve the pain in his toes. He tried the tap again with the same result, and in desperation put his mouth to the outlet to try and suck some water through, then to his amazement he heard a voice issuing from the empty pipe.

'Can you hear me?'

'Who is it?' he replied, putting his ear to the tap.

'I'm in the next cell, me name's Frank. They only turns the water on once a day so most of the time we can speak to each other through the pipe. How long you in for?'

'Two weeks.'

'What's your name?'

'In here it's 365614,' he answered, warily.

'They told me I was going to be in here for a week, and I've been here so long I've lost count, but it must be more'n a month, and I'm down to skin and bone.'

'When do they turn on the water?'

'They never tells you when, so you got to keep pressing it all bloody day or you'll miss it for drinking and flushing the bog, and if you hears that bastard James coming, stand still under the window or he'll give you a bashing for disrespect.'

'Thanks for the tip,' replied 365614. There was a brief pause, then Frank asked. 'Do you know what happened to Nick who was in before you?'

'No idea,' came the reply.

'Then the poor bastard's probably dead. James used to come in and throw buckets of water over him for not watching the tap to flush the bog, and he sounded real bad last time I spoke to him.'

The echoing step of someone approaching the door ended the conversation, and sent 365614 to stand stiffly against the wall beneath the window. The peephole slid aside, an eye peered at him, then the footsteps moved to the next cell, and the sounds of the door opening followed by the sounds of blows and frantic screaming sent 365614 to cower in a corner.

He stayed there until the normal heavy silence descended again, then remembering the warning to maintain a vigil over the tap, went to the wash basin and pressed the valve. For the next five hours he waited for water or the voice of the anonymous Frank, but he never heard from him again.

In the late afternoon the water came on, gushing from the tap under pressure to fill the cistern and splash over the top of the wash basin, and being unsure how long it would remain on, 365614 buried his face in the basin, and drank to capacity. It was almost dark when footsteps approaching the door sent him to the window at attention. The peephole swung aside, the door opened and the massive figure of James filled the doorway. The light from the corridor behind the officer kept his face in shadow, his body seen only as a black silhouette against an aura of light, and for the first time in his life 365614 knew the taste of terror.

'Norman has come to say thank-you for the lovely tie you knitted him, mother.'

Suddenly an indistinct mass hurtled toward him from the door to push him bodily back against the wall, and as it fell away from him he could see it was a mattress, a blanket followed, then James's voice cracked like a whip. 'Have your bedding folded ready to put out at daybreak. The water will be turned on for ten minutes each day at different times and your lavatory will be inspected each day. If it is not clean you will find yourself with your head down inside it,' he paused. 'Is that quite clear?'

'Yes sir,' the prisoner replied, then the door crashed shut and 365614 pushed the solidly heavy mattress against the wall and curling his body up against the cold pulled the blanket around him. He dozed fitfully through the night and shortly before James came to collect the bedding at daybreak, he fell into an exhausted sleep.

The officer moved very easily for a man of his bulk, grinning quietly to himself as he entered the cell to look down at the sleeping man. In his hand he held a fire bucket of ice cold water, and with slow deliberation he emptied it over the prisoner's head.

365614 jerked up, shocked from his senses, and scrambling wildly to escape the water and the entangling blanket as James dropped the bucket, grabbed him by his hair, lifted him to his feet and punched him in the stomach. He stood grinning down at the retching man for a moment, then dragging the bedding outside the door, reappeared with a plastic plate, put it on the floor, went outside and slammed the door.

The cell gradually became lit by the growing daylight and within the hour the prisoner had recovered sufficiently to stand. He walked unsteadily to the plate to find it half filled with a thin, viscous porridge and looking around for a spoon, but finding none, he lapped it up like some hungry animal.

For the rest of the long day he walked the cell, pausing every 16 steps to press the tap, and listening to drill instructors brow-beating their charges, and occasionally the muffled cries of distress from somewhere along the corridor. Then in the late afternoon as the water came on James returned.

He stood silently in the doorway tapping his club against the side of his leg, and staring at the prisoner at attention against the wall. 365614 watched him nervously, his eyes flashing from the officer to the tap as the precious minutes of the water allowance ticked away. After what seemed to be an eternity James's voice – filled with violence – hit him with almost physical force. 'Come here!'

The prisoner approached slowly, his mind filled with the conviction that the next screams to be heard in the block would be his. James stood to one side. 'Outside. Smarten up. Left turn. Quick march!' And with the prisoner trembling violently, James marched him to the Long Room. They came to a halt precisely toeing the line as James reported the prisoner present.

The Governor waited a full minute before speaking to the prisoner, his face red with rage and his voice rasping with indignation as he held up a typewritten letter with an official heading. 'I have here a directive from the office of the Home Secretary to the effect that short term first offenders are to be released under supervision to make room for those convicted of serious crimes. Personally I consider it to be a waste of public money as I know you will be back here again within six months with all the attendant expense that will entail.' His voice filled with venom as he continued. 'And make no mistake 365614, we shall be waiting for you.'

The Governor suddenly became deflated as he slumped back in his chair as though deprived of his rightful due, and his voice was almost resigned as he concluded. 'Officer James will escort you to the railway station.'

He looked sourly at the officer. 'March this rubbish out Mr James.' And a half hour later prisoner 365614 – openly weeping with relief – was returned, in the same closed van he had arrived in, to freedom.

Back in the Long Room the Governor began to dictate to a mousy, bespectacled secretary, his manner now composed and professional. 'To the Office of The Home Secretary from the Governor of High Impact Behavioural Unit. Experimental One.

'Report number 365614. Subject. First offender. Convicted for assault causing actual bodily harm. Resisting arrest. Taking motor vehicles without owners consent. Driving whilst uninsured, and criminal damage.

'Subject was submitted to routine medical examination. Detained 24 hours in solitary confinement under surveillance by closed circuit television. Subjected to tape recordings of Royal Marine Commando NCOs drilling recruits, and cries of distress from ITV sound effects recording library, conducted under conditions of extreme discomfort in a harsh environment.

'Conclusion. Number 365614 responded favourably to conditioning, his treatment sufficiently brief to prevent him becoming inured to same, but of sufficient duration to make what I believe to be an indelible impression. It is not anticipated he will commit any further offences.'

He shunned the spotlight, but this quiet, unassuming man was the first to break the 400mph barrier, smashing the land speed record. Then John Cobb faced an even more dangerous challenge when he set out to conquer the world water speed record

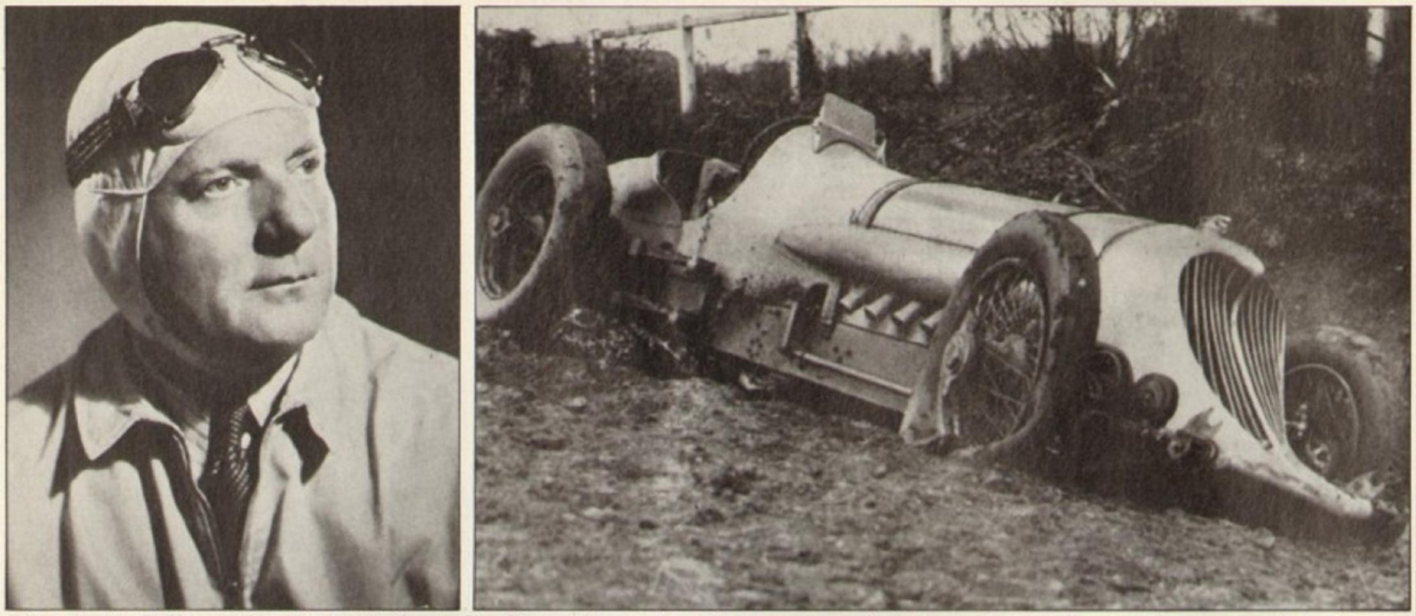
JOHN COBB: the shy king of speed

By Arthur Knowles

Brooklands motor-racing track at Weybridge, which between 1907 and 1939 was the mecca of all motor-racing enthusiasts, echoes with famous names. Here raced Malcolm Campbell, Henry Segrave, Parry Thomas and George Eyston. But for some connoisseurs of speed the greatest son of this famous circuit was a shy, unremarkable man who lived up to the simple solid qualities of his name: John Cobb.

John Rhodes Cobb was born late in 1899, one of a comfortably-off family of three boys and two girls. In due time he was sent to Eton, but the easy sense of superiority burnished on a boy's character by this most famous of schools was entirely missing from John Cobb. Even in boyhood he was shy and ungainly. He had some trouble with his spine as a teenager, and spent months encased in plaster. His birth date meant he was called up for military service towards the end of the First World War – and even then he was, to his intense disgust, pronounced unfit. The fates could hardly have aspired to produce a

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD



John Cobb (left) and his Napier-Railton after his co-driver, Freddie Dixon, crashed it at the Montlhery endurance track in France.

more unlikely candidate to challenge the dashing, debonair war heroes, who in the post-war years were to dominate the racing scene.

But John, for all his unremarkable characteristics, had a passion for cars and speed. He knew Brooklands as a boy – and Brooklands knew him. Famous drivers coming off the banking would tell of the serious-faced boy lurking in the shrubbery, getting as near to the track as he could – and then when a car had stopped, rushing up, not for an autograph, but to pose some deeply-considered technical question.

In time, Cobb went to Cambridge and thereafter became – of all unlikely trades – a fur broker. But his first love was still speed.

By 1924 John Cobb had made friends with a man who owned a 1910 Grand Prix Fiat which could lap Brooklands at well over 100 mph. By helping on every conceivable occasion Cobb eventually earned a place as the 'riding mechanic' which all cars then carried. In time, his imperturbability led to his being offered other passenger rides. It is typical of Cobb's talent for understatement that he later described one of these rides as 'a bit exciting'. Since that particular driver slid a monstrous aircraft-engined machine wildly round the outer circuit, coming off the banking sideways, this seems a notable understatement.

Then in the Whitsun meet of 1925, John Cobb was allowed to drive the Grand Prix Fiat – one of the largest and fastest cars entered. He came in third, and before long was winning races. In the succeeding season he added to his rising reputation.

By 1932 Cobb's name began to be known to the public at large. During that year, driving a V12 10.6 litre Delage, with which in 1924 France's Rene Thomas had held briefly the land speed record, the English driver won the British Empire Trophy Race on Brooklands' banked outer circuit. And in 1935 came another major success when, with his 23-litre Napier-Railton, he won the BRDC 500-mile race, and with a speed of 143.44 mph broke the Brooklands lap record.

This car, with its huge engine and curious forward-sloping, heart-shaped radiator, won many records. Cobb twice took it to the French endurance-racetrack at Montlhery and gained many long-distance records, although on the second occasion one of his co-drivers, the famous Riley driver Freddie Dixon, crashed it.

It was Cobb who was really the first to firmly establish Utah's Great Salt Lake as a venue for future record-breaking. For in July of 1935 he took the Napier-Railton to those seemingly endless reaches of the Bonneville salt flats, and there set up several long-distance records. And certainly it was these achievements that persuaded Sir Malcolm Campbell that Bonneville would afford him a suitable track on which to drive his *Bluebird* car through the 300 mph barrier.

Campbell succeeded, and on that strange and somewhat eerie dried-up salt-bed he crowned a remarkable sequence of nine land speed records with a two-way average of 301.129 mph. This proved to be his last land record, for he then turned his attentions to water, opening a new door for Cobb.

Captain George Eyston was the first to pick up the gauntlet laid down by Campbell, and in November 1937, with his twin Rolls-Royce engined, six-wheeled car *Thunderbolt*, he kept the record safely in British hands at Bonneville with a speed of 312 mph. And it was this record which triggered-off what became an historic two-year battle for supremacy between George Eyston and John Cobb.

John, in 1935, began thinking of joining the select few who sought the absolute land speed record. Late in that year he commissioned Thomson & Taylor of Brooklands to design and produce a suitable car for him. The firm brought in their brilliant young engineer, Reid Railton, who had designed all of Campbell's *Bluebirds* between 1931 and 1935, and Railton started on the project with a certain zest. He disliked the theory that sheer weight should be used in order to ensure that power reached the wheels and keep them on the ground. So he set about designing his own clever suspension system whereby all surplus unsprung weight was kept to an absolute minimum. He also planned for the car to be driven by all four wheels, with the power being supplied by two supercharged Napier 'Lion' engines. For although the design of these units dated back to World War One, they had a well-proven track record for reliability. Each was to have its own three-speed gearbox, with one driving the rear wheels and the other the front.

There were no flywheels or clutches, for the car was to be push-started by a strengthened truck. Freewheel devices were designed for each gearbox to facilitate gear-changing. Nor was there a conventional radiator, for Railton devised an ice-cooling system with thermostatic control, which would not only effect the necessary cooling but would also help the aerodynamic streamlining of the body-shell. The braking of the car was by transmission only, with the brakes themselves also being cooled by ice-water.

When unveiled to the press and public, the completed car was seen to be by far the most aesthetically pleasing of all such record-seeking cars yet built. The superbly contoured bodywork had a purposeful look, and was quite unmarred by any unnecessary obtrusions. Only the low cockpit canopy, sited well forward, the engine air-ducts, and the minimal wheel-fairings protruded above the sleek upper surface of the shell. This itself was made in aluminium of a light but strong gauge, and was secured to the frame at only eight points which, when released, permitted the removal of the complete shell in one piece, thus affording easy access to wheels, engines, frame and all service points. Even the usually unemotional John Cobb had a broad smile on his face that day, as he admired the brainchild of Reid Railton and the evidence of the skills of the Thomson & Taylor people.

In the summer of 1938, the friendly and sporting confrontation commenced between George Eyston with his *Thunderbolt*, and John Cobb with his new *Railton*, as it was simply called. Bonneville was of course the venue, and Eyston was the first to take the stage. Already a well-seasoned land speed

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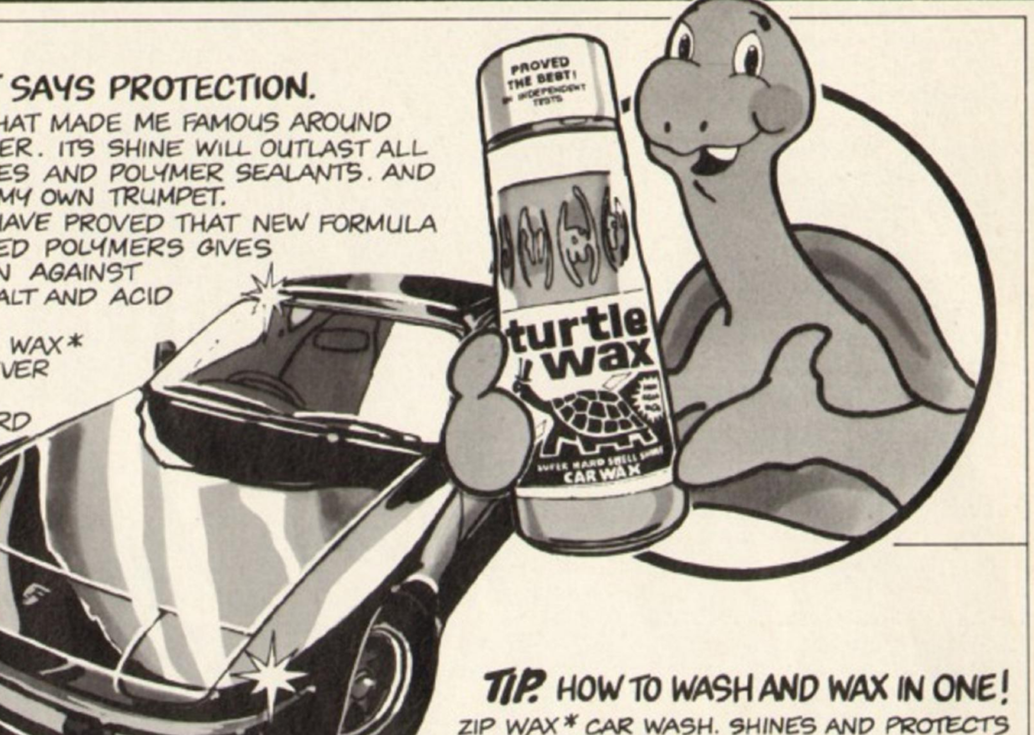
TIPS FROM THE TURTLE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TIP. THE SHINE THAT SAYS PROTECTION.

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NEW! SILVER CHROME

TIP. HOW TO GLOW IN THE DARK.

LOTS OF PEOPLE THINK THAT IT'S DIFFICULT TO CLEAN THE TRIM. WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR THEM. MY NEW BLACK T.M. AND SILVER CHROME T.M. WILL NOT ONLY RESTORE ALL THE ORIGINAL SURFACES TO THEIR FORMER BRILLIANCE AND COLOUR, BUT WILL ALSO MAKE SHORT WORK OF IT.

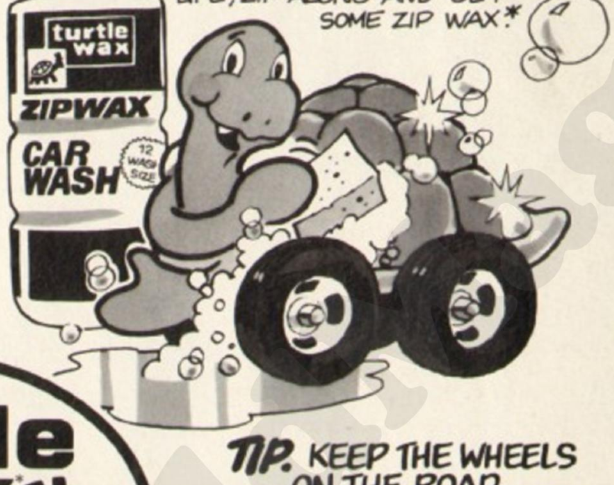
BLACK CHROME T.M. BRINGS BACK THE COLOUR AND LUSTRE TO BLACK RUBBER AND METALLISED BUMPERS, WHILE THE CLEANING COMPOUNDS REMOVE INGRAINED DIRT AND STAINS. THE RICH BLACK PIGMENT AND PROTECTIVE SILICONES RECREATE THE ORIGINAL FINISH.

SILVER CHROME T.M. SAFELY AND EFFECTIVELY REMOVES RUST AND TARNISH. IT ALSO GIVES A PROTECTIVE SILICONE LAYER THAT RESTORES THE SURFACE AND KEEPS THE TRIM BRIGHT FOR MONTHS.

TIP. HOW TO WASH AND WAX IN ONE!

ZIP WAX* CAR WASH. SHINES AND PROTECTS AS IT CLEANS. I'M ALL FOR MAKING LIFE EASY AND ZIP WAX* IS THE PERFECT ANSWER.

ITS RICH CLEANING AGENTS FLOAT AWAY DIRT AND GRIME WITHOUT HARMING YOUR CAR'S PAINTWORK. MOST HOUSEHOLD DETERGENTS CONTAIN SALT, WHICH WILL LEAVE THOSE WHITE TELL-TALE MARKS. ALL RIGHT FOR SOME, BUT NOT FOR ME. ZIP WAX* CAR WASH ADDS TURTLE WAX* TO LEAVE YOUR PAINTWORK WITH A SPARKLING LAYER OF SUPER HARD SHELL PROTECTION. SO IF YOU WANT TO ADD A LITTLE SPARKLE TO YOUR LIFE, ZIP ALONG AND GET SOME ZIP WAX.*



TIP. KEEP THE WHEELS ON THE ROAD.

WHEN YOU WASH AROUND THE RIMS OF YOUR WHEELS, LOOKOUT FOR CLEAN PATCHES. THIS COULD MEAN YOU'VE LOST A BALANCE WEIGHT ALONG THE WAY.

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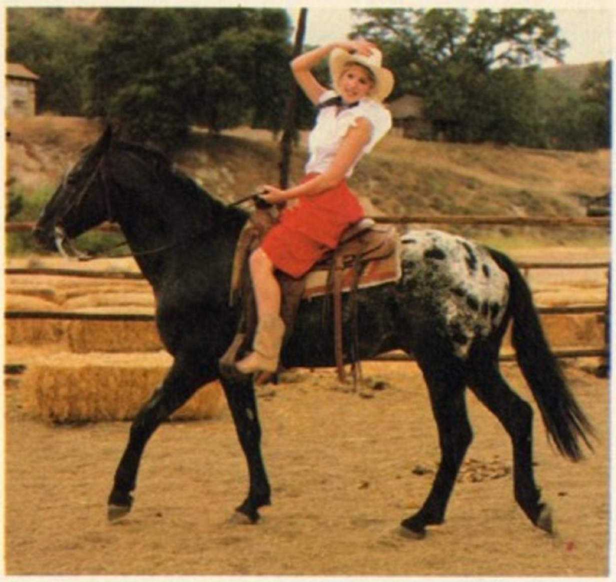


Once again *Mayfair* is happy to feature a star from Dallas. Not from the TV series this time, but the oil-rich city itself, where Wendy Hill has lived all her life. The 20-year-old's home is a ranch just outside the city so well known to television viewers. 'It sounds much more grand than it is,' smiled the 34-23-34 beauty beneath her favourite stetson. 'We have some cattle and a few horses, not much else, but at least I get to ride a lot.' For horses are, without doubt, her first love, and it was her idea to feature them in her photo session. 'The one you see me riding is called Dandy, he's so quiet a child could ride him. But they're not all like that,' she says, and recounts how one of her father's horses threw her over a fence. 'Right into a cow pat,' Wendy recalled rather bitterly.

Wendy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
SIWER OHLSSON

But every now and again Wendy can be coaxed away from her horses, and into town. Especially if she's out with a boyfriend. 'You know what it's like at home with a new guy,' she said, 'your parents really fuss. They're always making coffee for him. Besides I do like getting all dressed up. Jeans may be the height of fashion over there, but to me they're just work clothes. Give me a chance to wear my silks and satins, and I will.' So what sort of men is Wendy prepared to put on her best dress for? 'Tall ones,' she replied at once, 'preferably fair, but he must be sophisticated. I've had more than my share of horny ranch hands whose idea of fun is a couple of cans of beer and a Dallas Cowboys match. I may like horses but I have no desire to go out with guys who behave like them.'

John Cobb

continued from page 42

record-holder, he promptly lifted his own previous year's speed by no less than 33 mph – setting a new world record of 345.50 mph. And this set Cobb quite a target with his, as yet, still unproven car. But he, too, when gaining his various class records with the Napier Railton, had mastered the techniques of driving on the salt. And as he put in several trial runs he remained, as usual, quite imperturbable. Then on September 15, after minor teething problems with the car had been ironed out, he took Eyston's latest record from him with a speed of 350.20 mph. However, after an overnight removal of its stabilising tailfin and a rapid conversion from traditional to ice-cooling, *Thunderbolt* was back on the track and was quick to respond. Eyston took back his record with a speed of 357.50 mph. And, as this marked the end of the 1938 Bonneville season, he retained the honours for the year.

This gentlemanly duel was paid a rather poetic tribute by the French car magazine, *L'Auto*, which described it as: 'Two huge metal monsters of marvellous science, guided by intrepid pilots on an arena of blinding salt. It was fantastic; it was a last brave English gesture before the blackness of war fell upon the world.'

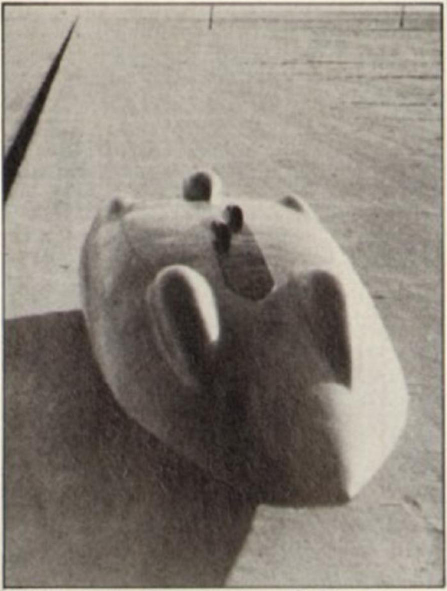
Despite gathering storm clouds giving unmistakable signals of war, Cobb went back to the salt flats in August 1939. It was indeed a cliff-hanger situation, but he reasoned that if he could manage another record before hostilities broke out, then George Eyston, or any other possible challenger, would have no time in which to respond.

His courageous gamble paid off handsomely, for just nine days before war was declared the *Railton* gave him a new record of 369.74 mph. This also marked the end of that magical era during which the world land speed record had been held by Britain for fourteen years. Sadly, it also saw the demise of the famous Brooklands track on which most of the 'giants' had won their spurs.

The war having been fought and won, two years later Cobb kept what he had considered to be a too long delayed appointment with those salt flats of Utah. His 1939 record had suggested to him that in the *Railton* he had a car which might reach the target of 400 mph. So it was recalled from its temporary retirement and carefully vetted by Thomson & Taylor under the supervision of Reid Railton. After a slight raising of its top gear ratios, and other minor modifications, it was taken back to Bonneville.

Now the car could be seen sporting a new name, for this new project was substantially sponsored by the Mobil Oil Company on a *quid pro quo* basis which would give them considerable publicity. Thus John Cobb's car came to be known as the *Railton-Mobil-Special*. This move by Mobil also triggered off the now universal practice of sponsorship in sport.

Bonneville's dried-up salt reaches, so extensive that they made discernible the actual curvature of the earth, were found to have reverted to their natural state, lumpy and uneven. Much work had to be carried out to prepare a course which would have some semblance of its pre-war condition.


Cobb and the chassis of his Railton

At long last, on September 14, 1947, Cobb got in one run which gave him a speed of 375.32 mph. This was an encouraging start, but bumps on the track split the body shell slightly, and he had to wait two more days before making another attempt. When he did so his first run was at 385 mph, and on his second he drove the *Railton-Mobil-Special* at 405 mph. John Cobb had become the first man to drive through the 400 mph barrier, and had realised a long-cherished ambition. His world record that day, of 394.20 mph, was to remain unbeaten until 1964.

With the world land speed record his, Cobb turned in the direction of the world water speed record. Sir Malcolm Campbell, back in 1939, had gained on Coniston Water what was to be the last of his long sequence of successes on both land and water. His record of 141.74 mph with his *Bluebird K4* boat stood until 1950 when the American Stan Sayres achieved 160.32 mph, and two years later lifted it still further to 178.487 mph. Campbell had experimented in 1947 with the fitting of a de Havilland 'Goblin 11' jet-engine into the hull of *K4*. But when taken up to Coniston, despite Campbell's heroic efforts with it, the *Bluebird* in its new guise proved to be a failure. And after Campbell's death in 1948 there was a lull in British activity, with no-one ready to step into the shoes of the 'Speed King'.

Few people saw Cobb as the one whom the shoes would fit. Sir Malcolm was debonair and flamboyant, while Cobb was shambling, notoriously shy, and retiring. On one occasion a press conference had been arranged for the reluctant Cobb at a record-breaking attempt. He laboriously learnt his lines, took the record without trouble and then stood bashfully before the press. He clasped his hands behind him and said, 'Umph', then clasped his hands in front of him and said 'Ahm', and that was the only comment the press got out of him that day.

Nevertheless, Cobb was a quietly determined man. He made his decision to go for the Water Speed Record.

His first move was to contact Reid Railton, the designer of his very successful car. Railton, together with Vospers' technical director, Commander Peter du Cane, had realised that Campbell's idea of installing a jet-engine into a hull purpose-built for piston and propeller power was tantamount to the pouring of new wine into old bottles. They considered that any future world record-seeking craft should be designed and built around the very different demands and enormous thrust of jet-power. John Cobb fully agreed with their reasoning. He there and then offered to finance such a project from his own resources. It was later estimated that this offer was to cost him some £16,000 (the price of about seven average houses) before the resulting craft had even been 'wetted'.

Railton planned a narrow hull of a configuration not unlike that of a seaplane, with fairly small stabilising sponsons outrigged from either side of the stern. His theory was that the rearward weight distribution, dictated by the siting of the engine, demanded such aft positioning of these sponsons, since they would help to prevent the craft from rotating backwards as the prow lifted at speed. They would also give directional stability as the hull cut through the water on its three planing shoes. The turbo-jet power came from a de Havilland Ghost engine.

The task of building the boat was entrusted to Vospers, and the project began in the spring of 1949. Major Frank Halford, chairman and chief designer of de Havillands, and an old Brooklands colleague of Cobb, joined forces with Railton and du Cane, forming a trio whose combined expertise would ensure that the finished product was good. Halford had, in fact, developed the Ghost engine from the Goblin 11 which had been tried in Campbell's *K4*.

During the period of scale-model testing in an experimental tank, news came through that Stan Sayres had snatched the Campbell record from Britain, and this gave added impetus to the team. But it was not until January of 1952, after more model testing and much trial and error, that work began on the craft which, hopefully, would bring the record safely back into British keeping; the craft that Cobb was to name *Crusader*, and which was to be registered as *K6*.

The public had its first opportunity to see the boat in the July of 1952, when du Cane gave *Crusader* her first static buoyancy tests in Portsmouth Harbour. There, to quote one journalist's description, Railton's creation was seen to be 'an absolute pippin'.

She was 31ft long, with a slim hull, and an open cockpit sited well aft. With the engine's air-intakes carefully 'sculpted' on either side, and with her sponsons supported on dihedrally-angled arms, the boat immediately suggested power. She was in fact a projectile, built for one purpose – the breaking of the 200mph water barrier. She was constructed in birch-ply strengthened by high-tensile aluminium, and her finish was silver and red. Optimism about her grew when Peter du Cane found that on the harbour's breeze-ruffled surface *Crusader* came up to her planing points at a modest 50 to 60mph. Railton had come up with another winner.

Meanwhile, Malcolm Campbell's son,

turn to page 100

James Bond, 007, has been seen by a billion film fans. Now, two Bonds – Sean Connery *and* Roger Moore – are on our screens. But with the last Fleming novel filmed, what's the future for our top agent?

Battle of the Bonds

by Alex Kernaghan

James Bond is back.

And once again the giant Bondanza publicity machine is meshing its gears and revving its motor. For with the London première of Roger Moore's *Octopussy* this month, and the imminent release of Sean Connery's *Never Say Never Again*, we can prepare ourselves for a double helping of our favourite Bondage. The stage is set for a mighty box-office battle.

Before splitting with Cubby Broccoli, producer of all the Bond films (with the exception of the wacky *Casino Royale*) in 1971, Sean Connery had starred as the sardonic secret agent six times, starting with *Dr No* in 1962. Now, 21 years later, he returns once again as 007 with a story based on a new script, and not an Ian Fleming novel. At 53, Connery confesses to be getting on a little, but he's a keep-fit fanatic, and with his balding pate thatched by a toupée he admits, 'I'm a bit older now, and a bit wiser than when I first played Bond. But I hope that Bond, like me, will benefit from the experience we've both had over the years. I love to tackle varied roles . . . but I'll always have a soft spot for Bond.'

And why not? Connery is reputed to have been offered almost three million dollars to play the part again, 12 years after his last appearance in *Diamonds Are Forever*. 'I don't know if there is room for two Bonds,' says Connery, 'but I hope so. Mine will be different from Roger's, anyway.'

Connery is considered by many to be the definitive Bond, hard, capable, ruthless, and much more in keeping with Ian Fleming's original conception. Moore, on the other hand, has brought to the screen a suave, urbane agent with ready quips and an easy grace, described by one famous critic as, 'More James Bland than James Bond.'

Nor does Moore entertain many pretensions regarding his portrayal. 'I've only two expressions,' he confesses. 'Left eyebrow raised, and right eyebrow raised.'

But there must be more to it than that. For at 56 Moore insists he will never take on the role again. 'The Bond films are the toughest I've ever worked on. However smooth it may all look on the screen, I sweat so much playing Bond I have to change my shirt about five times a day. Every night when I walk off the set I'm absolutely whacked. All those women and all that action are very tiring.'

So *Octopussy*, Moore's sixth Bond movie, would seem also to be his last. The notion does not unduly perturb Cubby Broccoli.

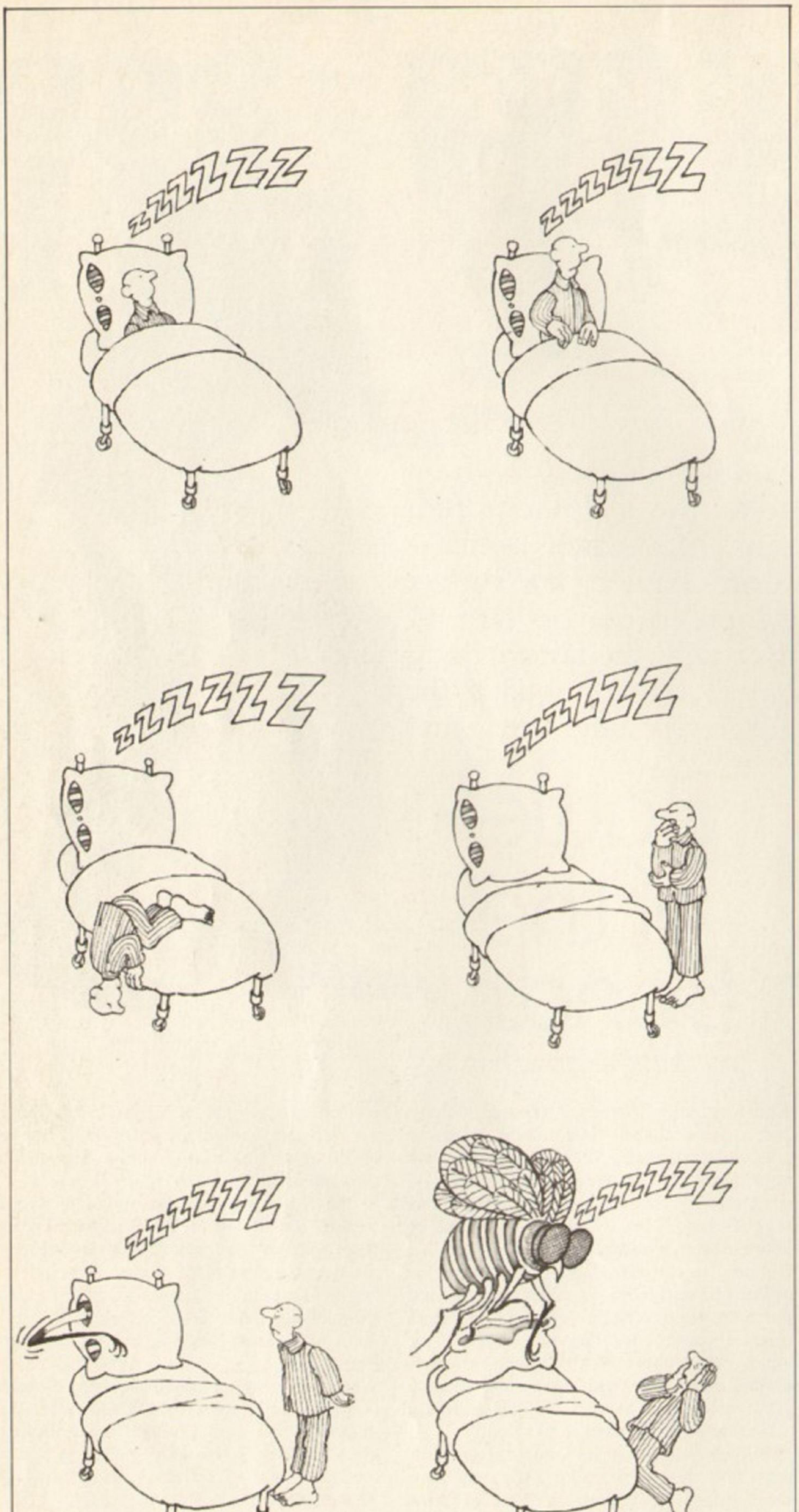
'I like Roger very much,' he says. 'We're friends. But he does a lot of other pictures, some not very successful. And his agent is always asking for more money. It would not be the first time I've changed Bond. Besides, the public are ready for a change.'

And who does Broccoli see as the new Bond?

'Lord Lucan would have been ideal,' he says. (Before Lucan went into hiding after the murder of his nanny, he and Broccoli were great friends). 'I seriously wanted to screen test him, but all he would ever say was 'Good Heavens'.

So who will replace Roger Moore?

One seemingly unlikely candidate, Larry Hagman, J R of the hit TV series *Dallas*, has already turned down a million dollars to be the next Bond. He's too busy with other commitments, insists his agent. Lewis Collins, the 'Bodie' half of the popular *The Professionals* series, has been mentioned, as has Patrick McGoohan of erstwhile *The*



Prisoner and *Dangerman* fame. In fact McGoohan turned the part down three times in the Sixties and went on to suggest Connery as an alternative.

But whoever dons the mantle, he will step into an incredibly lucrative ready-made role as the most daring and famous fictional character of modern times. For it has been estimated that something like one billion people have watched the James Bond films worldwide, while their soundtracks have been dubbed in over 70 different languages. And that to date they have netted something like 500 million dollars.

So where can Bond go from here? Broccoli has now reached the end of the Fleming books and must turn to new scripts for the future. Unless he decides to base the next movie on one of the Bond-type characters, such as *Colonel Sun* by Robert Markham (better known as Kingsley Amis, creator of *Lucky Jim*) or one of the new series being turned out by John Gardner who continues the Bond saga into the Eighties with *Licence Renewed* and *For Special Services*. But while both these authors are excellent in their own right, their Bond novels read as pale and insipid imitations. They lack the punch and raw relish of the master.

Ian Fleming began writing the Bond books in 1951, to take his mind off, 'the appalling business of marrying so late in life,' at the age of 43. 'It was,' he said, 'rather a dramatic step for a compulsive bachelor to take, so I created Bond to sort of insulate myself against the shock.'

Casino Royale was published in 1953 by Jonathan Cape. It sold about 7,000 copies in its first year, a moderate success that gave no indication of what lay ahead. But, imbued to a great extent by Fleming's own experiences, Bond was to become compulsive reading.

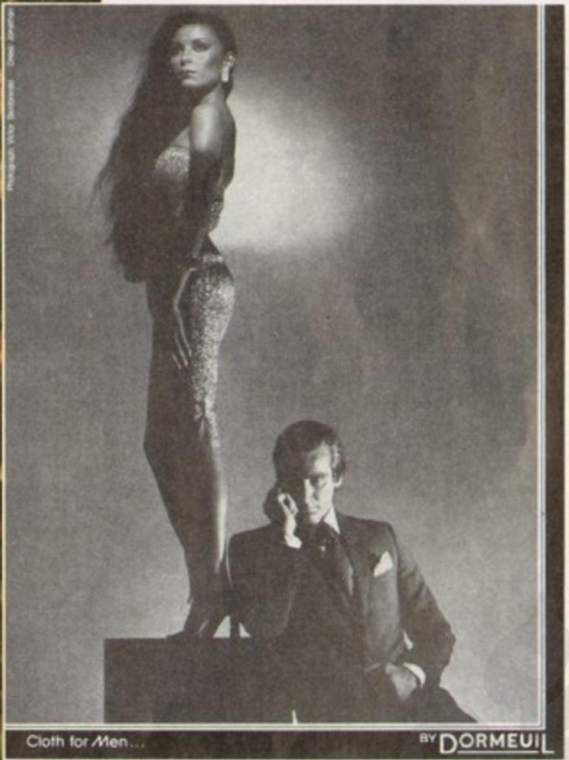
Fleming had been personal assistant to the real-life 'M', Admiral John Godfrey, the war-time director of Naval Intelligence, and was at that time a Lieut-Cmdr in the RNVR (Special).

'I've done many of the things Bond has done,' said Fleming, 'and have been to all the places he has. I suppose, all in all, it's true to say we've a lot in common. I've gone mountaineering, have met sharks while swimming in Jamaica. I went on the Dieppe raid – and that was pretty bloodthirsty. I know what it feels like when bullets start whizzing and buzzing all around you.' And Fleming packed it all into his books. The exotic locales, the super-charged cars, the gambling and the sensuous women; all enriched by a meticulous wealth of detail.

By 1962 the films took off and Bond became an international megastar. Today, exactly 30 years after the first book appeared, the James Bond novels have sold an astounding 92 million copies. Had he lived, Ian Fleming would undoubtedly have been a millionaire many times over. As it was he died at the age of 56 on August 12, 1964, leaving only £302,147. And in many respects the true James Bond died with him. New books and movies will continue to perpetuate the myth, but with the last of the novels now filmed we have come to the end of an era. The era of Ian Fleming: the man with the golden pen.

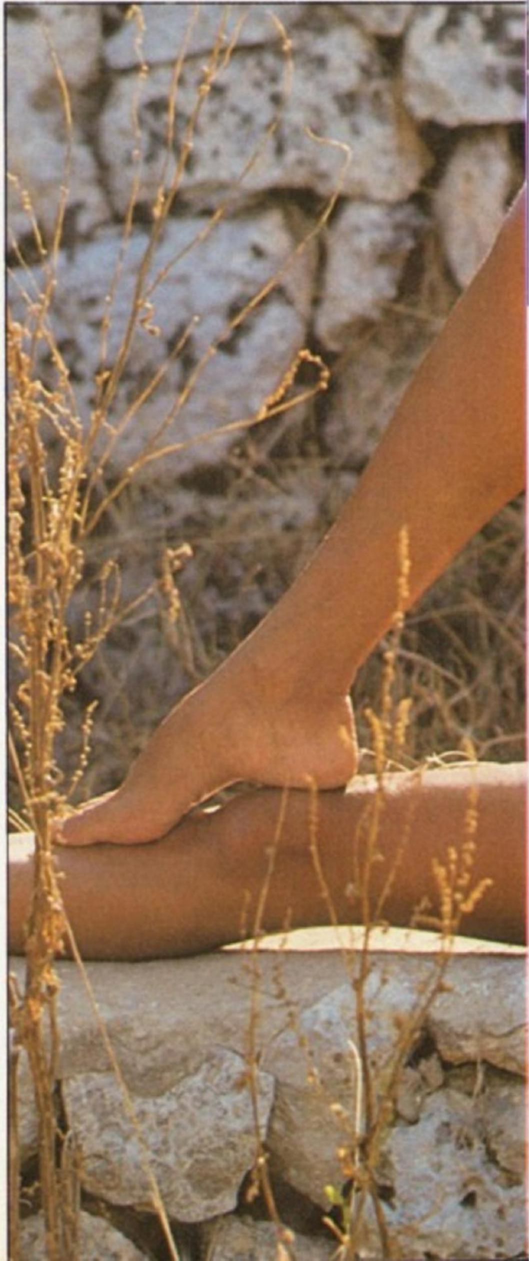
Joni Flynn the famous Dormeuil girl steps off her pedestal to join James Bond in 'Octopussy'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE



This month the delicately beautiful features and sexy, slender figure of Joni Flynn will be hitting your screens in the latest James Bond spectacle. But Joni, 25, is already world-famous for her appearances in the *Dormeuil* advertisements. She is the girl standing on the pedestal in what must be one of the most memorable advertising images of the last decade, and in fact not only is Joni recognised in the street, she also gets fan mail from many countries.

Despite its sophistication, the *Dormeuil* advertisement has been controversial and feminists have branded it sexist. But Joni regards it as the summit of her career. 'I am very proud of it, and it was wonderful to be put on a pedestal like that. I love being feminine. Friends come back from countries like Australia or Japan, and say I'm haunting them, because they see the ad everywhere.' Her lithe 34–22–34 figure is much in demand, and Joni has appeared in numerous calendars and advertisements, as well as *The Sun's* Page Three. You will also spot her in the underground wearing an Indian headdress in the new *Lee Jeans* poster. 'I'm available for all spare parts,' she joked, 'because sometimes they use one bit of me.'



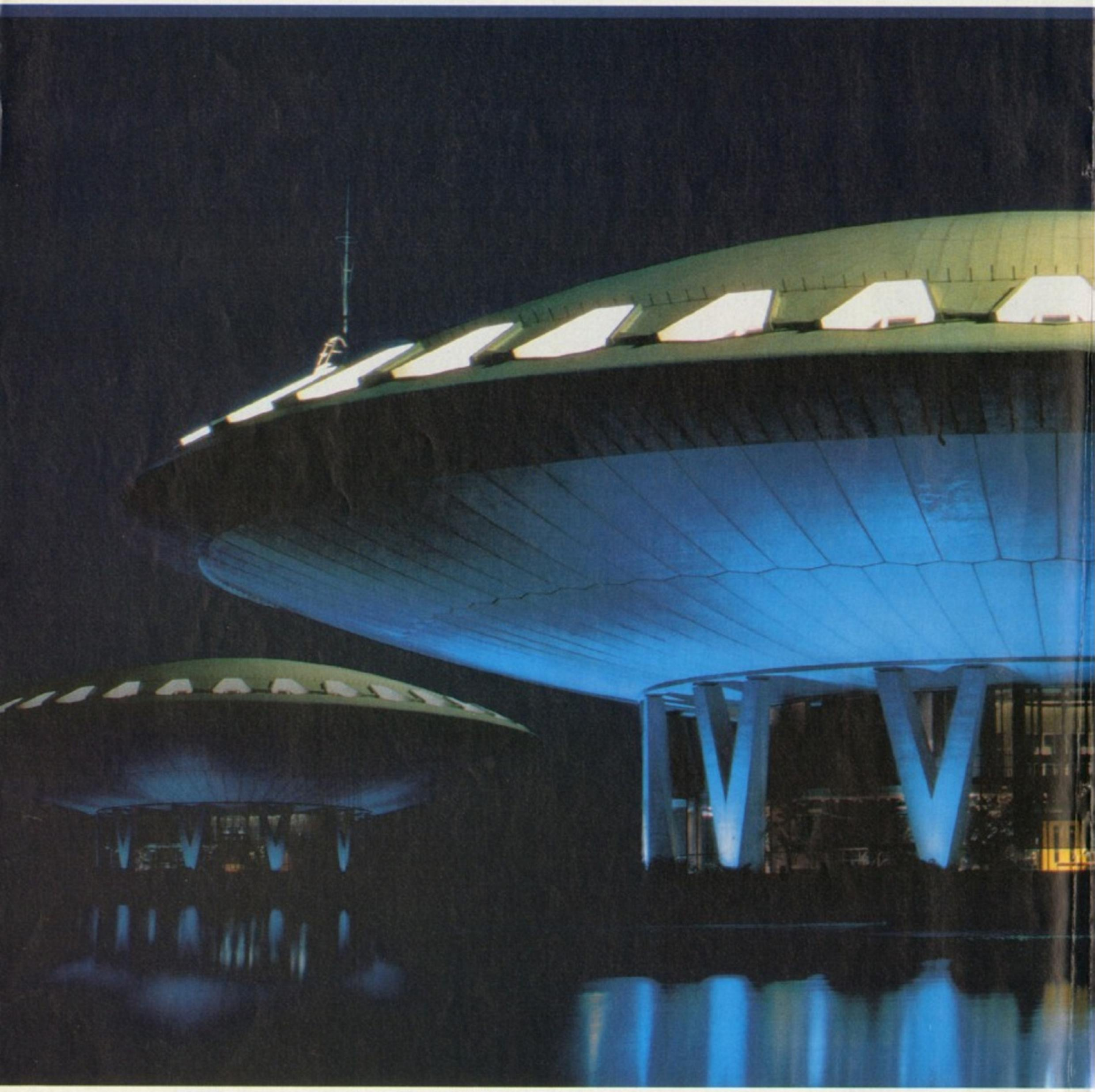
Joni plays one of *Octopussy's* female followers in the new Bond film, and she is also seen dancing in the title sequence. 'I heard they were casting and was lucky enough to get a part, though I'm seen but not heard. It was great fun working on the film, and the whole production crew were like a family, lovely people. I've seen all the Bond movies and always wanted to be in one, so it was great seeing how they're made.' She was flown out to India for some scenes. Joni's previous film appearances have been in *The Greek Tycoon*, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, and a co-starring role in *Felicity*. Now there is a possibility of her being given the lead in a major production, and Joni hopes to continue working in films. But the life of a top model is not always a bed of roses, as she once found out while posing for a calendar in the Sahara. 'We annoyed some arabs by petting a baby camel and they chased us over the sand dunes with guns. Luckily we escaped in our jeep, but we had to finish shooting with police protection.'

Born in Assam, India, Joni has a Scottish father and a Tibetan mother. 'My parents own tea plantations, so I was brought up on tea and whisky.' She was educated in Edinburgh, and after leaving school worked in a boutique there.

Joni won a Face of the Year competition in a local paper, and was spotted by photographer Donald Milne, who eventually persuaded her to try modelling, though at first she was reluctant. They are now married, living in London.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/
JONI FLYNN

ROTHMANS-THE GREAT



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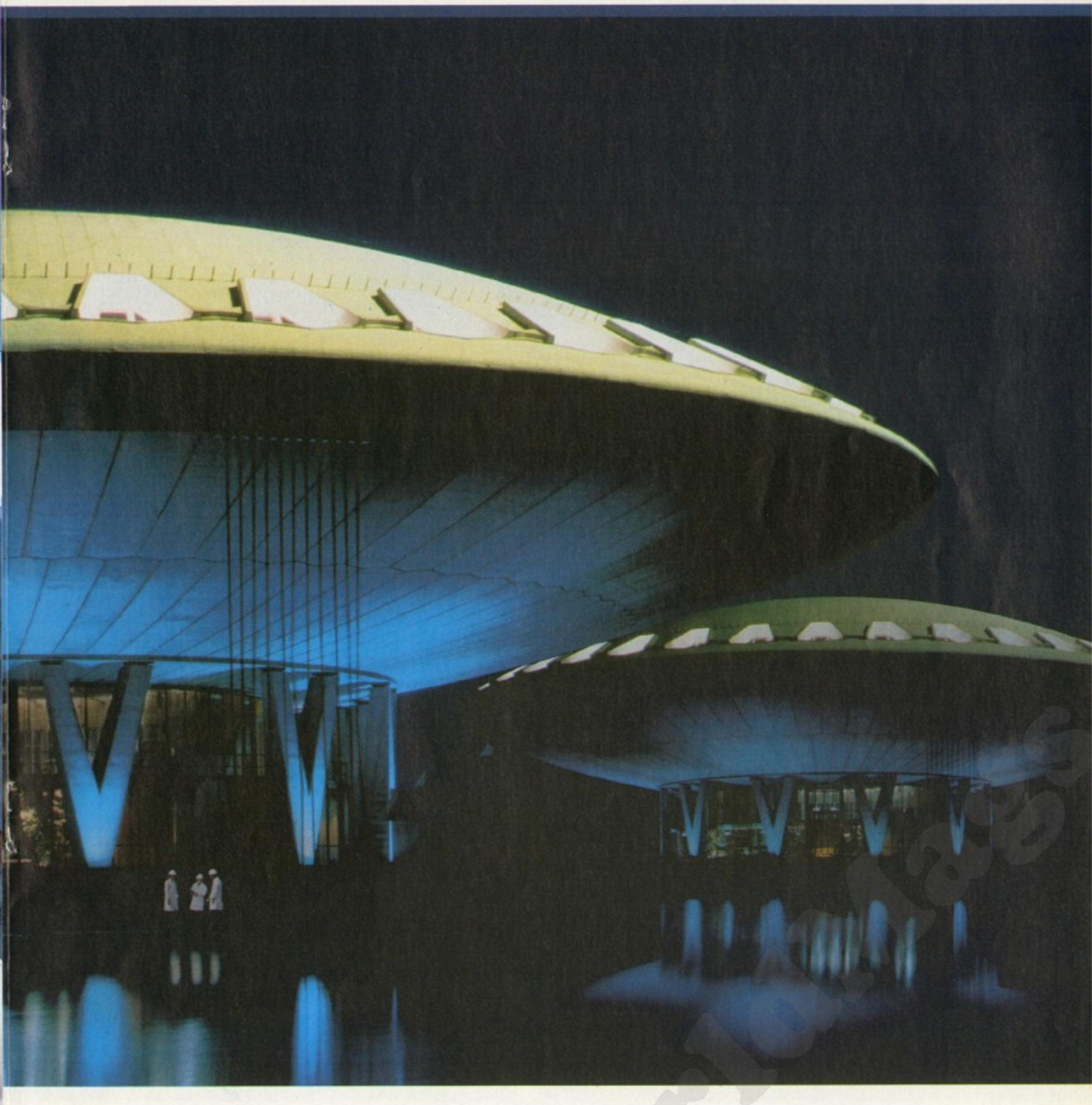

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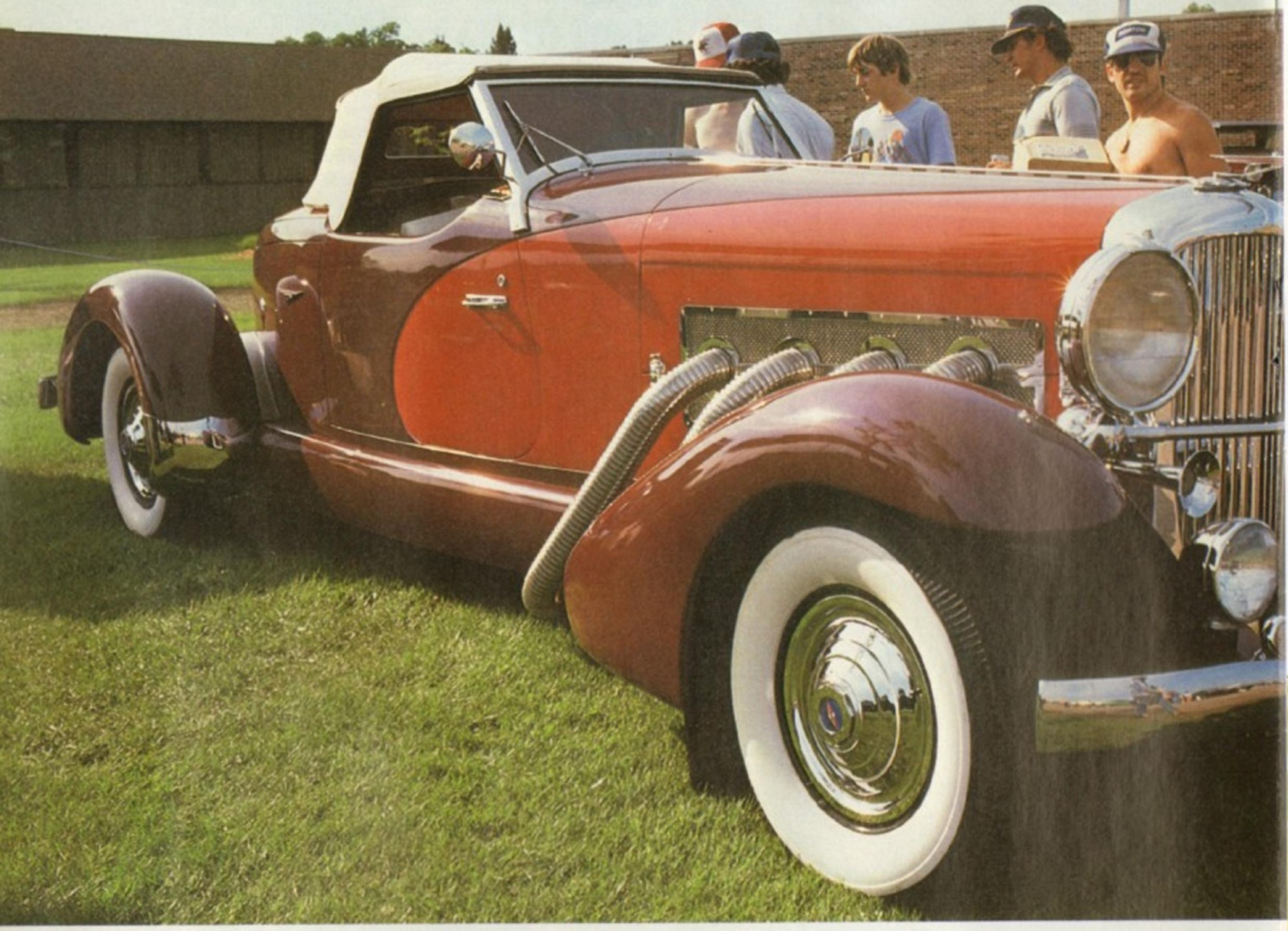
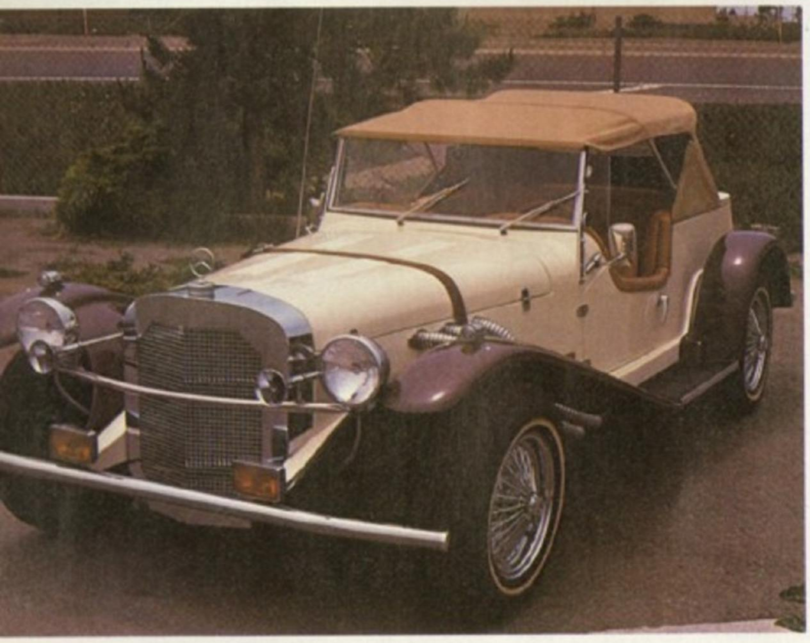
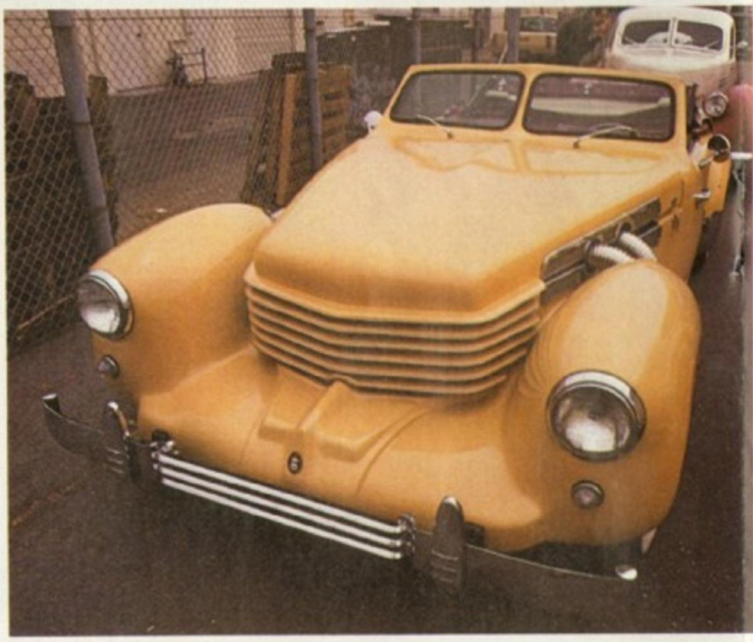






In the United States, replicas of cars from the Thirties are all the rage, and though expensive can still be seen on the streets. Large picture: a replica of a Dusenberg sports car from between the wars. To its right, the Clenet, built by Alain Clenet, must be everybody's idea of a dream car from the era. Below it, the distinctive lines of the Auburn, re-created for the Eighties. Above right: this model was built to resemble a Cord, whilst on its left, the nostalgic European appearance of this superbly turned-out Excalibur hides the replica's real birthplace in California.

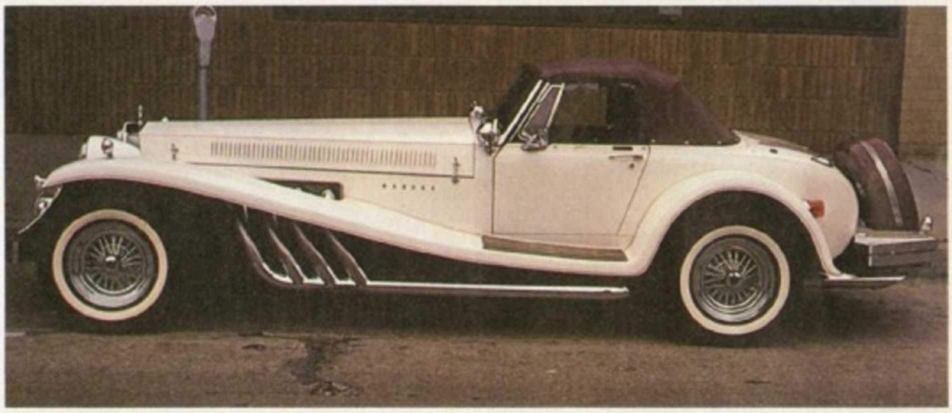
Replicas of the lavish sports cars from the thirties are increasingly popular in the USA, their nostalgic lines recalling an era of style and sophistication

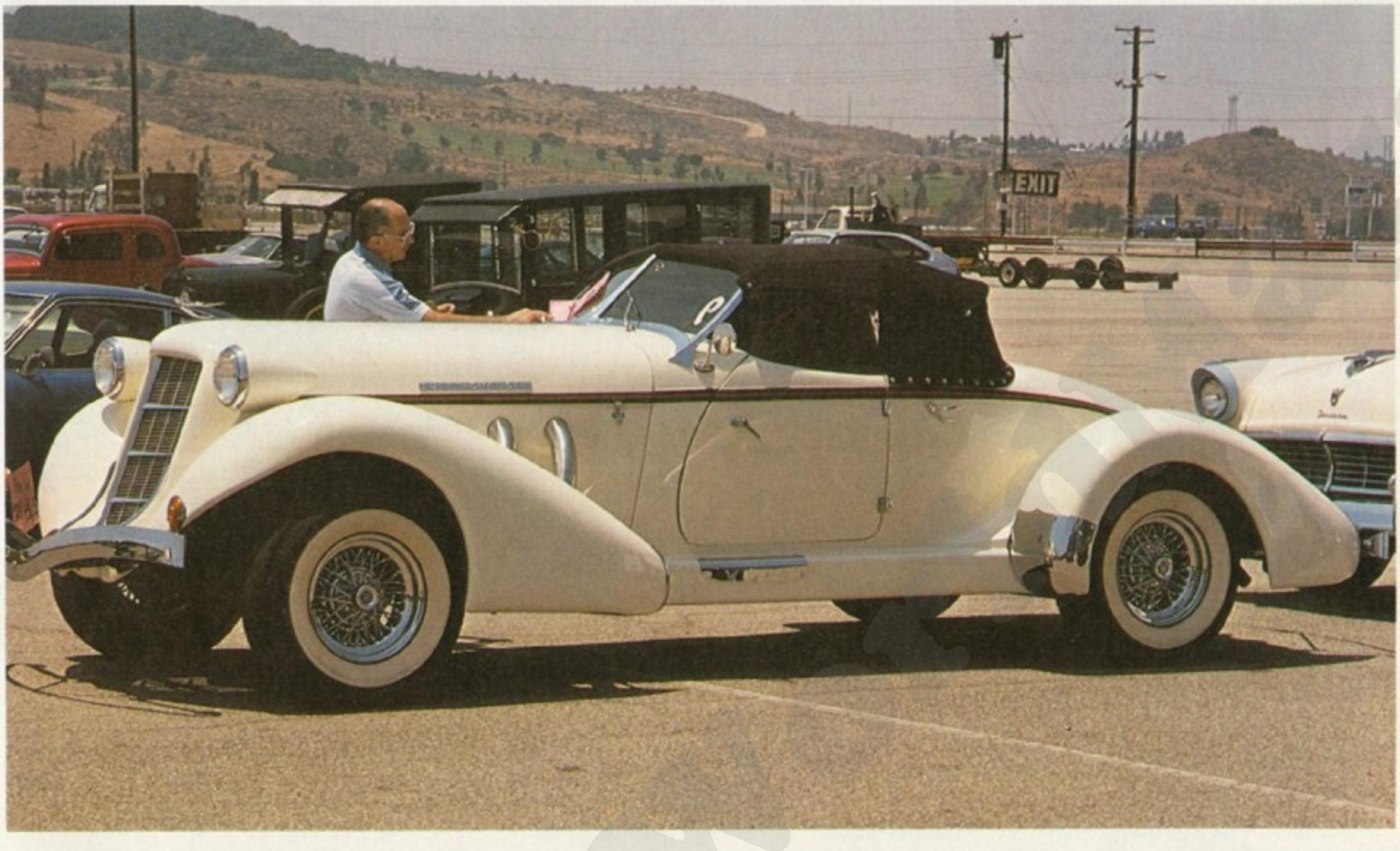
SEND IN THE CLONES

Photographed by Ed Alexander

There can be few eras of motoring history as romantic as the 1930s. Especially in Europe where, between the wars, the major manufacturers were turning their attention to producing mighty sports cars: the monsters that did battle at Brooklands and Le Mans, with names that have remained fondly in our memories ever since, like Mercedes, Bugatti and Alfa Romeo. Nor surprisingly cars from the era when style was more important than stinginess on fuel are now collectors' items. But for those with a whim and a large wallet, there is an alternative, to buy a replica.

Replica building is a fast growing industry,

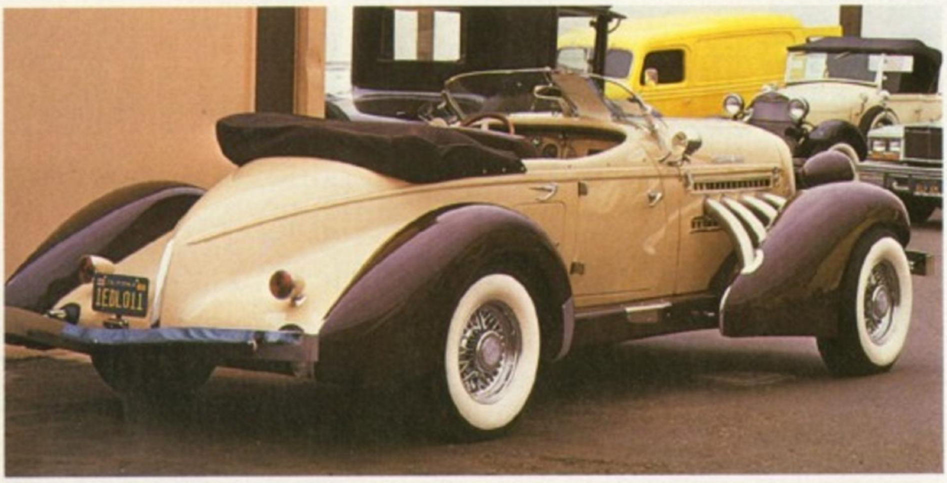


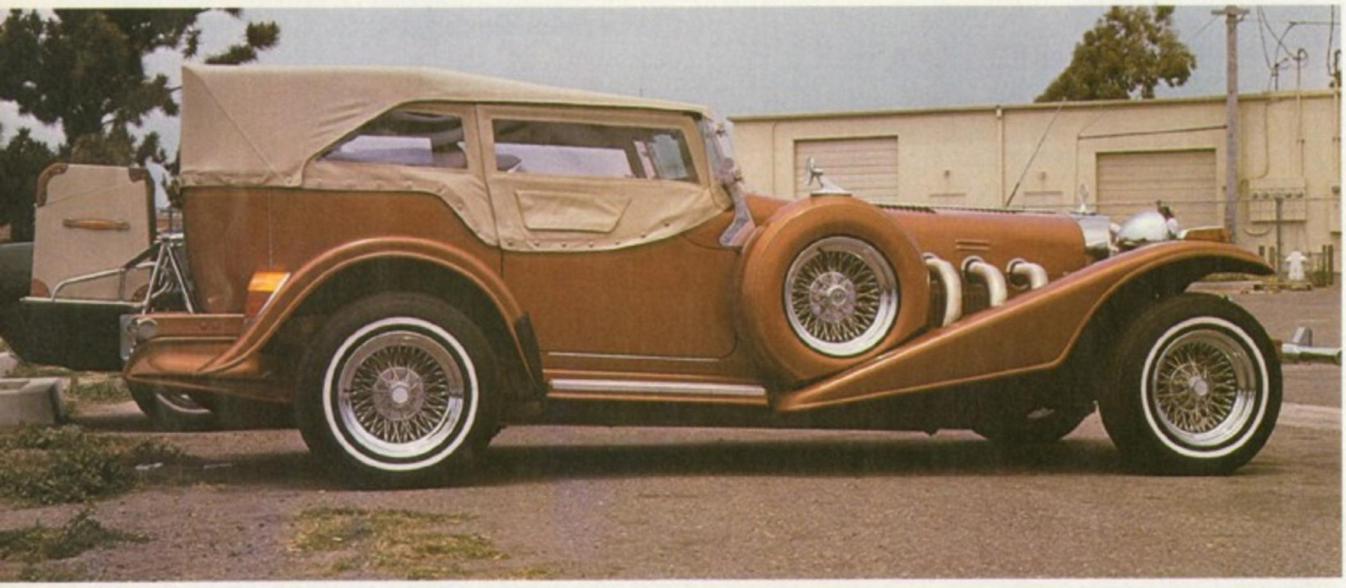


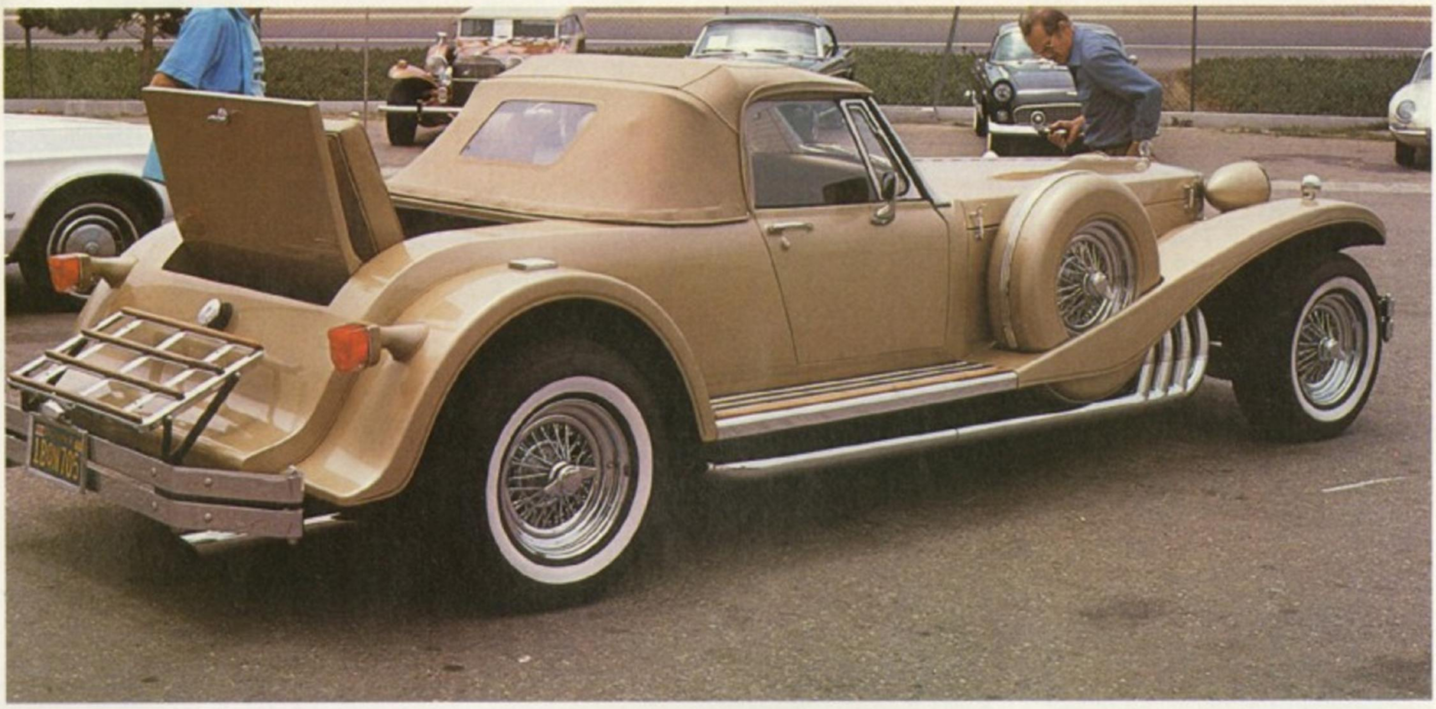
Large picture, bottom right: another example of an Excalibur built to resemble the best Europe had to offer, but containing a Chevron V8 engine. Bottom left: this re-creation of a Model A Ford proves as popular in this country as in the States. Above it is the stylish profile of the Excalibur, and above that, again an accurate representation, this time an Auburn Speedster. The original was built in 1935. Right: another beautifully made Clenet.

particularly in the United States where the European sports car has acquired a mystique. Consequently cars such as the Clenet, the Dusenberg and the Excalibur are to be found increasingly on the streets. Of course, adding individuality and grace to your motoring costs money. Something in the region of $100,000 will be needed to buy a fully-equipped replica Dusenberg. Then there are the insurance costs which would certainly frighten all but the most loyal enthusiast. And, even with their Eighties' refinements, your replica is unlikely to return much more than 10 to 15 miles to the gallon of fuel. But if style is what you're after, a replica repays your money in full.

In some quarters, the replica or 'replicar' is regarded with suspicion. Vintage and veteran car purists are apt to regard them as little more than poor imitations of the real thing. After all, they argue, where is the fun of having a Thirties car when you don't have to get oil on your hands or spend hours lovingly restoring it? But for those who like their historic motoring ready-made, with little fear of breakdown, and parts that don't require you







CALIFORNIA
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A Happy FACE

searching the length and breadth of the country, they are ideal. And the range and mechanics of them are getting better all the time.

Initially, the 'replicar' was little more than a standard chassis with a rough imitation of a more prestigious car's body on top. Little care was given to accuracy or detail, hence the purists' disgust. The Ford Thunderbird often provided the base for such vehicles, having the ideal chassis and engine size to form the basis for anything from a Bugatti to a Bentley. Or at least near enough to cause admiring glances. But now things have changed. There is greater attention to detail, and many have engines and chassis specially built for the replica itself. There has also been the emergence of glass fibre. This has enabled the replica maker to perfectly reproduce the lines of some of the expensive, and very heavy cars of the thirties, and put in economical engines more suited to the fuel conscious times in which we live. Imagine the power and speed of the Exacalibur for example. Largely glass fibre, built to resemble the Mercedes that top officers sped around in during the war, yet now powered by a Chevron V8 engine beloved by custom car enthusiasts the world over. It's not surprising that it has a top speed in excess of 120mph.

'It's his way of getting to know people, he's a car mechanic.'

Perhaps the most popular replica in the States at the moment is the Auburn 856 Speedster. These 'boat tail' cars were originally made between 1935 and 1936 but now have a new lease of life thanks to replica fans. Its body is made entirely of glass fibre and is a perfect representation of the original down to the slanted hood panels. Of course, there are also bags of chrome, with the four exhaust pipes from the bonnet, and massive bumpers. It can be built on to a wide range of chassis, or of course, one can be specially built. As for power, it can be run on most Ford and General Motors engines but the majority of replicas of the Auburn contain four-barrel V8s, for even made of glass fibre, the car still weighs in excess of 33,000lbs. It's a truly luxurious replica. It boasts automatic transmission, power steering and power brakes. Inside it you can also enjoy such delights as leather seats, removable side windows and curtains, a radio and adjustable steering column. And the ride, cushioned by front and rear coil springs is fantastic. In fact it has all the luxury of present-day cars with all the style of vehicles of the past. The price? Around $60,000.

However, it is possible to lower the cost of this and other 'replicars'. The Auburn Speedster, along with its sisters the Phaeton and 2+2 Brougham are available as kits. The price is about $10,000, but they do require some time and skill to build them. Other cars available in kit form include the Ford Model A from 1932 as well as a wide range of British models such as the MGs from the same era.

Now, replicas from the States are catching on here as well. The Model A and other Ford imitations are probably the most popular, with many of the Thirties vans now seen on London streets. The cost of one of these is about £30,000 but in terms of advertising they are priceless. The Dusenbergs are rarer with probably only about 70 over here, and cars like the Cord are sadly practically non-existent. But the relatively well-off enthusiastic, or kit car fanatic could change all that, and perhaps the style of the Thirties could reign again, this time without the hassle.

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A travelling salesman was about to check in at a hotel when an attractive young girl gave him the eye. Casually he walked over to her, and started chatting as though they were old friends, then they checked in registering as Mr and Mrs. After three days, mighty pleased with himself, the salesman checked out again, and the clerk presented him with the bill.

'£450!' he exclaimed, 'there must be a mistake. I've only been here for three days.'

'That's as may be,' replied the clerk coolly, 'but your wife has been here over a month.'

When the troops returned from the Falklands, the government decided to reward them for all they had done. A letter was sent around saying that they could have £100 per inch for any part of their body they cared to specify. A six foot marine immediately nominated his inside leg measurement and when the government inspector came round to measure him, he was able to claim £3,600. Next it was the turn of a burly Para.

'Measure my chest,' he demanded proudly, and when the inspector did, he found that the was entitled to £4,400. Finally he came to a tiny Gurkha.

'Now which part would you like measured?' asked the official. The Gurkha looked at him, and said quickly, 'Measure the distance from the tip of my penis to my balls.'

'Are you sure?' questioned the inspector.

'Certainly,' said the Gurkha, and lowered his shorts. The inspector put the tape on his penis, then looked confused.

'Excuse me, but where exactly are your balls?' he asked.

'On a barbed wire fence just outside Goose Green,' replied the Gurkha.

A girl and her young brother were spending a day at the seaside, and as the day wore on the youngster grew more excited and demanding.

'Sis, Sis,' he insisted, 'can I have an ice cream, can I?' His sister, growing tired of her brother's youthful exuberance, replied, 'Okay, if you must,' and the child ate it with relish. A couple of seconds later they passed a stall selling candy floss.

'Sis, Sis, can I have some candy floss, Sis?' the child demanded.

'But you've already had ice cream.'

'Go on, Sis.'

'Alright, then,' said his sister, and the child was happy until they came to a hamburger stall.

'Sis, can I have a hamburger?' he asked.

'But you've had an ice cream, you've had some candy floss, now you want a hamburger.'

'Go on, Sis.'

'Alright, then,' and she bought him a hamburger. But still the youngster wasn't satisfied, and as soon as he saw the donkey rides, he was on at the girl again.

'Can I have a ride on the donkey, Sis?'

'No. You've had an ice cream, you've had some candy floss and you've had a hamburger. No you can't,' she replied.

'Oh please, Sis.' And eventually she had to comply to keep the child quiet. After he finished his ride, he still wasn't content.

'Sis, Sis, buy me the donkey, Sis,' he whined.

'Now, look, you've had an ice cream, you've had some candy floss, you've had a hamburger, you've had a ride on the donkey, you can't expect me to buy it as well,' she replied.

'Oh, go on.'

Eventually his sister complied and the boy took the donkey home. On the way he decided to call it Tosser. Unfortunately almost as soon as they got there, the donkey escaped. The boy came running into his sister.

'Sis, Sis, Tosser's off,' he cried.

'No. You've had an ice cream, you've had some candy floss . . .'

An American hospital admitted a hobo suffering from a pain in the groin caused by riding on bone-shaking freight trains. The doctor diagnosed Boxcar Willie.

At a coming out party in Knightsbridge, a young man noticed that one of the debs was being particularly choosy about the buffet.

'Sandra,' he remarked, 'I can't help noticing you've tried everything except the hot spicy sausage.'

'Don't talk to me about sausage,' she replied. 'One look at it and my hair stands on end.'

'That's strange,' added the young man, 'I'm just the opposite. One glimpse of hair and my sausage stands on end.'

The wonders of science will never cease. Chemical experts have just come up with the first ever powdered vagina. Just add water, and seconds later it's recuntstituted.

I'm seldom inclined to show malice,
But I haven't a kind word for Alice,
For she measures your worth
By the length times the girth
Times the thrust per square inch of your phallus.

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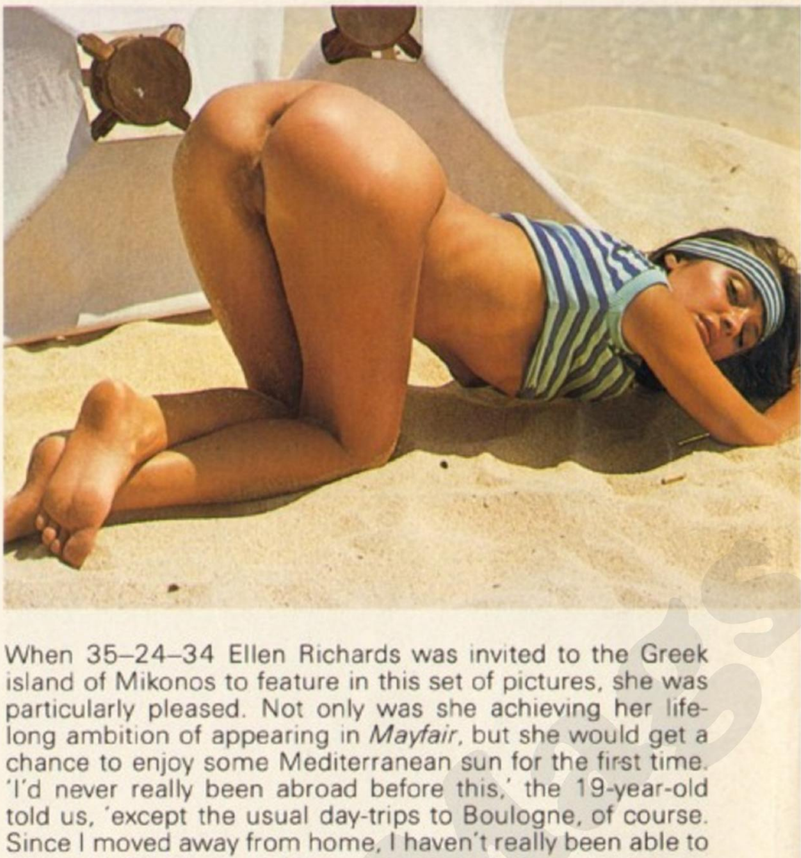
WorldMags

Ellen

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHEL MOREAU



When 35–24–34 Ellen Richards was invited to the Greek island of Mikonos to feature in this set of pictures, she was particularly pleased. Not only was she achieving her lifelong ambition of appearing in *Mayfair*, but she would get a chance to enjoy some Mediterranean sun for the first time. 'I'd never really been abroad before this,' the 19-year-old told us, 'except the usual day-trips to Boulogne, of course. Since I moved away from home, I haven't really been able to afford it.' Ellen's modelling career is only just starting, so she works part time as the receptionist in an optician's shop in Watford. Quite a spectacle as you can probably imagine. 'Mind you, you may not recognise me,' she said. 'I wear glasses at work, just to make the customers feel at ease.'

Ellen is living proof that the old adage about men not making passes at girls in glasses is a fallacy. At work, she gets offered plenty of dates. 'I used to be terribly flattered,' she grinned. 'Then it occurred to me that they wouldn't be in an opticians unless they had something wrong with their eyes! That spoilt it a bit.' Ellen's home is in Tring, close to the Grand Union canal that links London with the Midlands and the north. In fact, she often uses the towpath as a short-cut from the station. 'People tend to think of canals as smelly and unpleasant. There they couldn't be more wrong,' Ellen said. 'It's lined by trees, and is very peaceful – rather romantic. Nobody would ever disturb a couple down there. It's not the same as Mikonos, but nearly as pleasant.'

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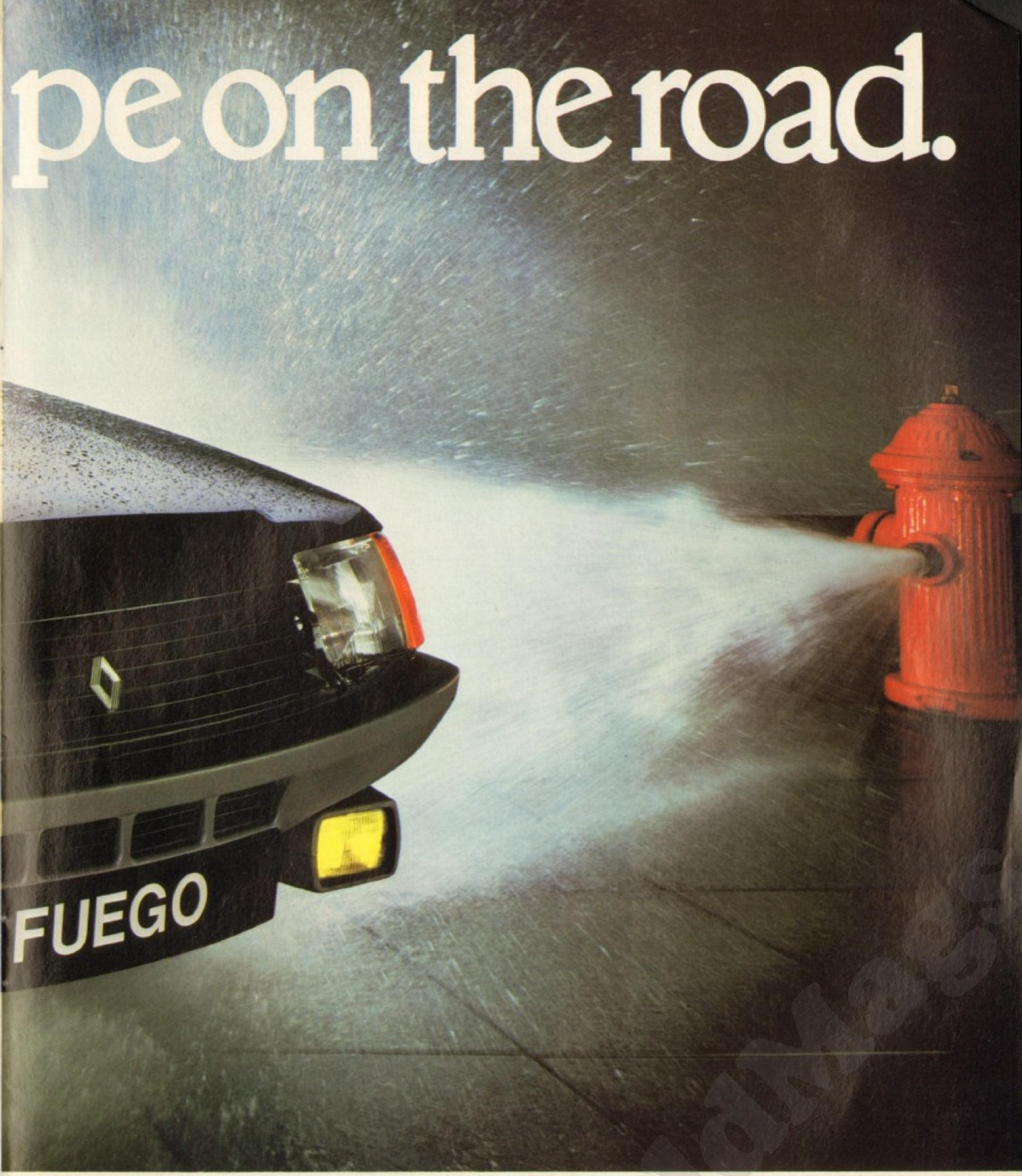
The Renault Fuego GTX will give you over 50 mpg* at a steady 56 mph and more than 24 mpg around town.*

†Source: What Car? Car Featured: Renault Fuego GTX £7995. Prices (correct at time of going to press) include 15% VAT, Car Tax, and front seat belts. Number plates and delivery extra. *Government Test Figures Renault Fuego GTX: low rate AA Insurance Plans. West End Showroom, 77 St. Martins Lane, London WC2. **Renault recommend elf lubricants.**



But that's not all the Renault Fuego GTX has to offer. Among its many standard features it lists power steering, electric front windows, cruise control, remote control centralised door locking and low profile tyres with alloy wheels.

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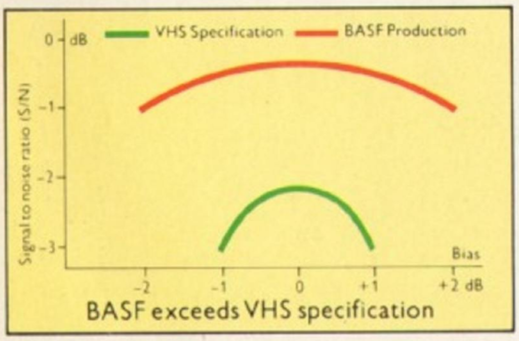

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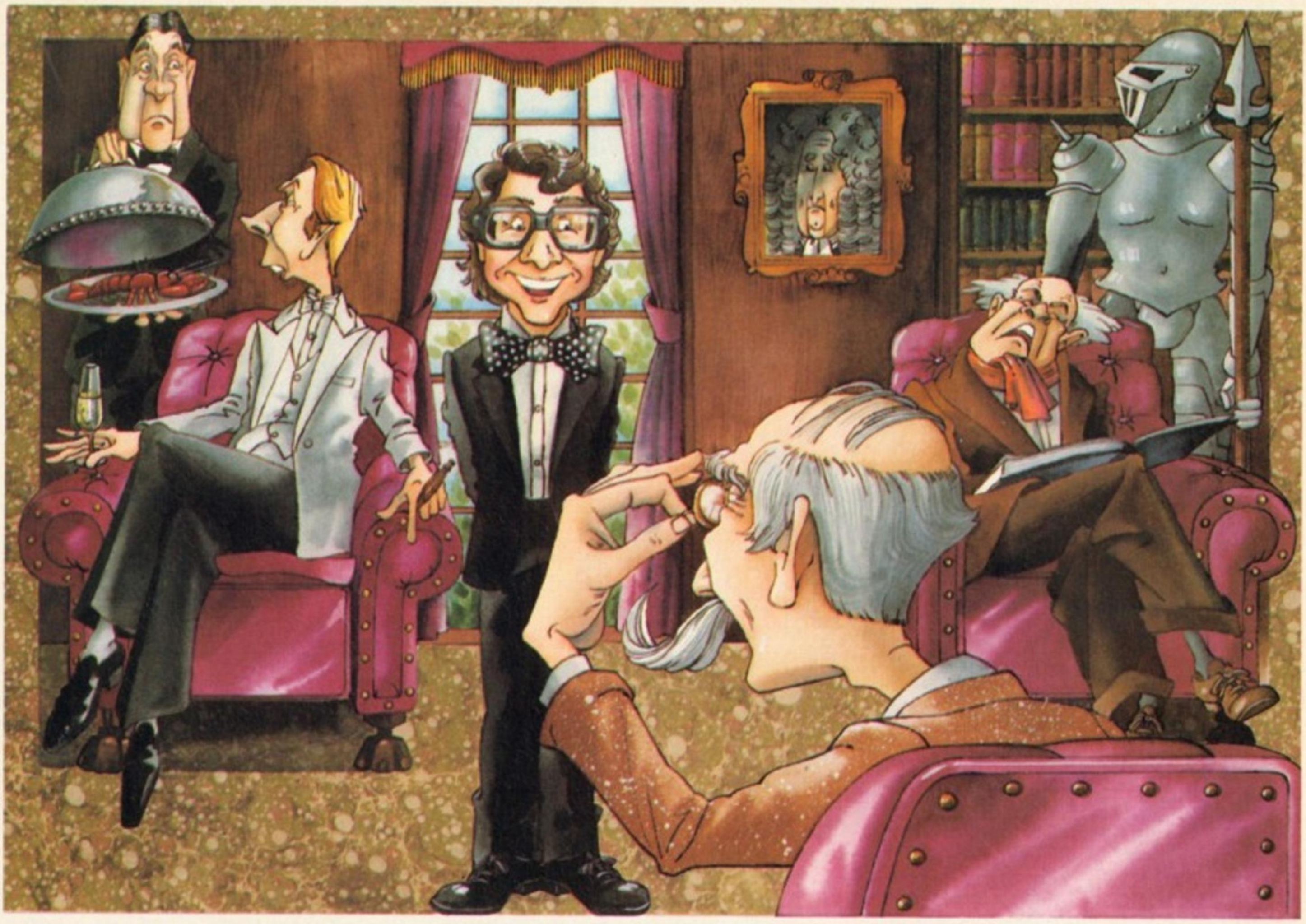

ILLUSTRATION BY TERI GOWER

Gentlemen's clubs uphold a timeless tradition of status, style and masculine values. They are a haven from women and the world. Today, while remaining exclusive, they are much more accessible

Courting St James's: how to belong to a gentleman's club

by Paul Keers

Sheltered from women and the world outside, gentlemen's clubs still provide a vintage port in a storm. They've been described as the stronghold of masculine society, and it's said of one club that, in order to get in, you have to be a relative of God – and a damn close relative at that. Now, I can't lay claim to that kind of connection, but I am the sort of chap who would enjoy the comforts and company of a London club. And I'm not *totally* unacceptable – I'm not the sort of man who thinks *savoir faire* is something that's held on Bank Holidays. So I decided to find out how to enter the hallowed halls of the St James's clubs. Although I suspected in advance that, like all exclusive societies and circles, there would only be two ways in – one of them marked 'push', and the other marked 'pull'.

Gentlemen's clubs are built around traditional male pleasures – dining, drinking, dozing and debating. Their leather armchairs seat the timeless images of the drowsing, crusty old colonel and the dashing, brash young blade, while their marble and mahogany upholds all the traditional values and virtues of men. It's a world of prestige, power, and pride in the past – a way of life in which men prefer a silver salt-cellar which doesn't pour to a plastic one which does.

Clubs certainly are sheltered from women. A lady called one day at *Brooks's*, and asked the porter if a particular member was in the club. 'I'm afraid I cannot say, madam,' replied the porter.

'Please find out if he is,' insisted the lady, 'and tell him that his wife wants to see him.'

'I'm sorry madam,' said the porter, 'but members of *Brooks's* do not have wives.' The porter of the old *Pelican Club*, in a similar situation, told a woman claiming to be a member's wife, 'Ah, ma'am! That's what they all say.'

The servants at gentlemen's clubs are supposed to know everyone and everything. Members should never be paged, and it shouldn't be necessary to ask their names – instead, the porter will discreetly look at the name inside a coat, or the initials on a walking stick. They are the last remnants of traditional service – although hopefully the last remnants of the traditional ways of treating them are also vanishing. One famous incident occurred when Lord Glasgow flung a waiter through a window, breaking his leg. 'Put him on the bill,' he ordered, curtly.

However, there's a story told by a member of the *Savile Club* which shows how respectful the relationship can be. At the end of dinner, an elderly waiter did something wrong, and a member muttered impatiently, 'Damned old fool!' The waiter heard this, and his expression showed that his feelings were really hurt by the comment.

'I beg your pardon,' said the member instantly. 'Damned fool!'

The waiter's face cleared, and he swept away with the air of a man who has received a gentlemanly apology.

A porter at the *Savage Club*, returning from a holiday, was greeted with complaints that members' letters weren't in their proper pigeonholes. This, it turned out, was because he had filed the letters of his favourite members under 'F for Friend'.

The *Beefsteak Club* is the one which requires you to be 'a relative of God – and a damn close relative at that' in order to get in. It was said of the same club, by the Earl of Kintore, that 'the only qualification is that you've either got to be a peer who has learned to read and write, or a journalist who has learned table manners.'

My ambition to join a club was fuelled by reading about *Blades*, M's fictional club in the James Bond novels. The best chapters in *Moonraker* never made it to the cinema screen; they describe elegant evenings in the club, wining, dining and playing cards. Then I discovered that *Blades* was actually based on *Boodle's*, where Ian Fleming used to lunch almost every day. That marvellous name (Edwin Boodle was the first head waiter) is almost worth membership on its own, but the club is also quiet and refined, with an impressive past and a character all its own.

Until recently before they gave a member any small change, they boiled the coins because silver used to be regarded as a notoriously unhygenic metal (due to its more frequent contact with the working classes). There was a rule at both *Arthur's* and *Boodle's* that silver had to be plunged in boiling water, and then swung round in a leather bag to clean it before it was given in change. Once the 80-year-old Lord Knightley, having won a rubber of whist, was given eight half-crowns by his opponent in payment of his debt. Lord Knightley rang for a waiter and, pointing at the little heap of silver, said 'Please bring me gold for that.' Silver could not be considered as correct tender from one gentleman to another. And it's been suggested that a vestige of this survives in a shop assistant apologising for giving change, and saying, 'Sorry it's all silver'.

Obviously it takes more than small change to become a member, but I was surprised to find that, if you're under 30, you can join *Boodle's* for just £78 a year, a mere fiscal bagatelle. Like banks, the clubs try to attract young members, in the hope that they'll stay when they're older. Full membership eventually costs £285 a year, with an entrance fee of £230 payable when you join, which is rather more in Goldfinger's league – but of course, before you pays your money, they take their choice.

Like most gentlemen's clubs, you have to be proposed and seconded by members. Then, at *Boodle's*, you need three supporting letters from members of at least five years standing before they'll let you in. Naturally, this is just to protect chaps like ourselves from all those other bores and bigheads who would like to join. But the formality of finding existing members to support your application means that you can't get in just because you're holding the necessary folding.

This is a principle enshrined in clubland. *The Garrick Club*, for instance, believes 'it is better that ten unobjectionable men should be excluded than one terrible bore should be admitted.' One famous excluded figure was Bernard Levin, who had written a savage attack on Lord Goddard, the former Lord Chief Justice, the day after he died. *The Garrick's* legal members objected, and blackballed Levin's application. It is left to the reader to decide whether they excluded an unobjectionable man or a terrible bore.

'Pillock! I'm stopping one, not having one.'

The Garrick is a lively, friendly club, which boasts writers and actors among its members. Sadly, it seems likely to remain bereft of my own lively, friendly membership. They require the usual rigmarole of being propsed and seconded by members, but after that your name is put in the candidates book, where it has to be supported by at least ten other members. And then there's a waiting list – of six to seven years – to say nothing of an entrance fee of £258.75, and yearly subscriptions of £316.25!

(Such bizarre figures are the result of adding the repulsively modern VAT to thoroughly gentlemanly sums like £225 and £275. Nevertheless, home from home a club may be, but I'm not going to sell mine to join one.)

Perhaps, after all, it's better to be blackballed, or 'pilled' as they call it in clubland. Not only is it cheaper, but most men are elected to clubs because no-one has even heard of them. At least if someone objects, they must know something about you.

You'd need a lot of people to know about you if you wanted to get into *White's*, the oldest London club, which was once snobbishly described as 'an oasis of civilisation in a desert of democracy.' It was famous for its gambling; Lord Arlington once bet a thousand pounds on which raindrop would reach the bottom of a window first, and it was said that a man who collapsed on the pavement outside was refused medical attention, because it might prejudice the bets placed inside the club on whether he would live or die.

Beau Brummel used to sit in the bow-window at *White's*, watching the world, and letting the world watch him. This struck me as eminently suitable – smooth, sophisticated, somewhere I could both pose and repose. But they, too, have a six year wait until your name comes up before the committee, and they allow you to hand over £115 entrance fee, and yearly subscriptions of £280. And before that, after finding a proposer and seconder, your application has to be supported by 20 existing members. Let's face it, there are only two chances of me getting into these clubs – fat and slim.

It's easy to decide which clubs I wouldn't want to join. The staunchly Tory *Carlton Club*, for instance, of which the Duke of Wellington said, 'Never write a letter to your mistress, and never join the Carlton Club.' I couldn't stand a place with so much landed gentry – even the walls have peers. The food is undoubtedly better these days, but I had been put off the *Athenaeum* by the old story of when Landseer once contemplated a steak, and commented gloomily, 'They say there's nothing like leather...'; this is the club at which a member was served with the famous piece of cod which passeth all understanding. And *Brooks's* is supposed to

turn to page 108

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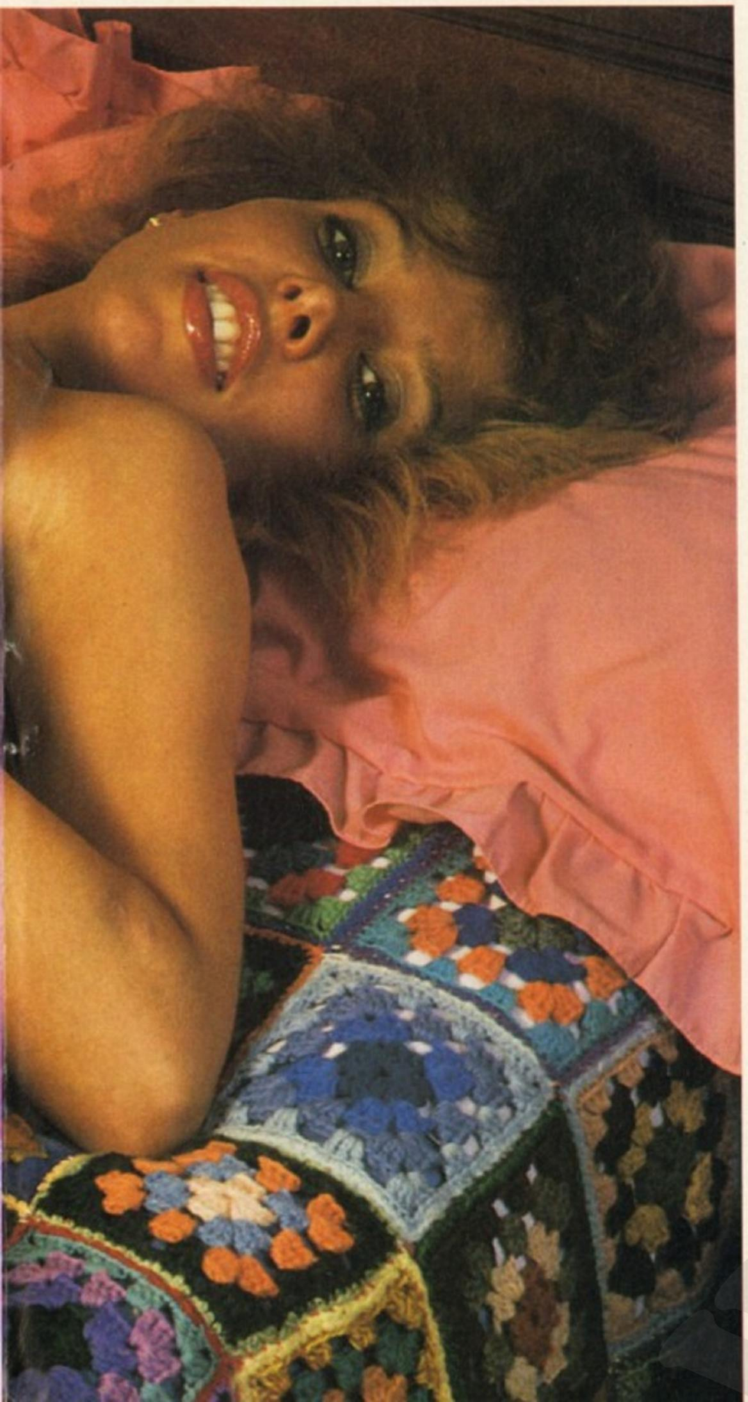
Louise

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Attractive blondes driving convertibles always attract attention, but next time you spot one look carefully because it might be 23-year-old Louise Cohen. 'I love fast cars and I get a rush from the sensation of speed. I drive a TR7 convertible and in the summer I always wear flimsy T-shirts so I never have any trouble getting out of the junction at Hyde Park Corner.' Louise is also turned on by a different sort of power – that of successful men. 'I like very wealthy international businessmen, with a combination of brains and power, rather than guys who just look cute. But if I have to have a man on top of me I would rather have a man than a weed.' Louise was 18 when she lost her virginity. 'I had been going out with him for ages, and when I gave in it was planned and cold-blooded, but I do not think he did a very good job. But I fall in love with the wrong guys, because with a 35-year-old businessman the chances are he is going to be married already,' she said, 'and not want a divorce.'

Louise was brought up in Bath where she went to St Joseph's Convent school. 'I loved it there because I like to be surrounded by groups of people and we had great fun. I never thought about boys though because I was inexperienced.' When she left school, Louise wanted to come to London, so she spent three years at Stanwell Orthopaedic Hospital training to be a nurse. 'I gave it up because I wanted to have some fun, and there I was sat in the bloody nurses home.' Her father, a property solicitor, bought her a flat in central London where she lives now. 'I have a good social life here, and I enjoy going out to parties and dinner.'

Louise has a spectacular figure measuring in at 35C-23-36 which sometimes leads to amusing incidents. Like the time she found herself locked out of her flat after a party. The local police promised to send an officer round to help, and he opened the ground-floor window with a credit card. 'I happened to be wearing a sexy dress showing off all my titties and when I climbed through the window he was standing there gawking at my tits. I just burst out laughing because he asked me out.' Louise regards herself as the outdoor type, and enjoys tennis, swimming and riding, which she finds a turn-on. 'I find it so invigorating that when I get off a horse I can hardly walk.' She wants to combine her love of sport with her career and become a remedial gymnast, helping people with games and exercise as a therapy after an accident.



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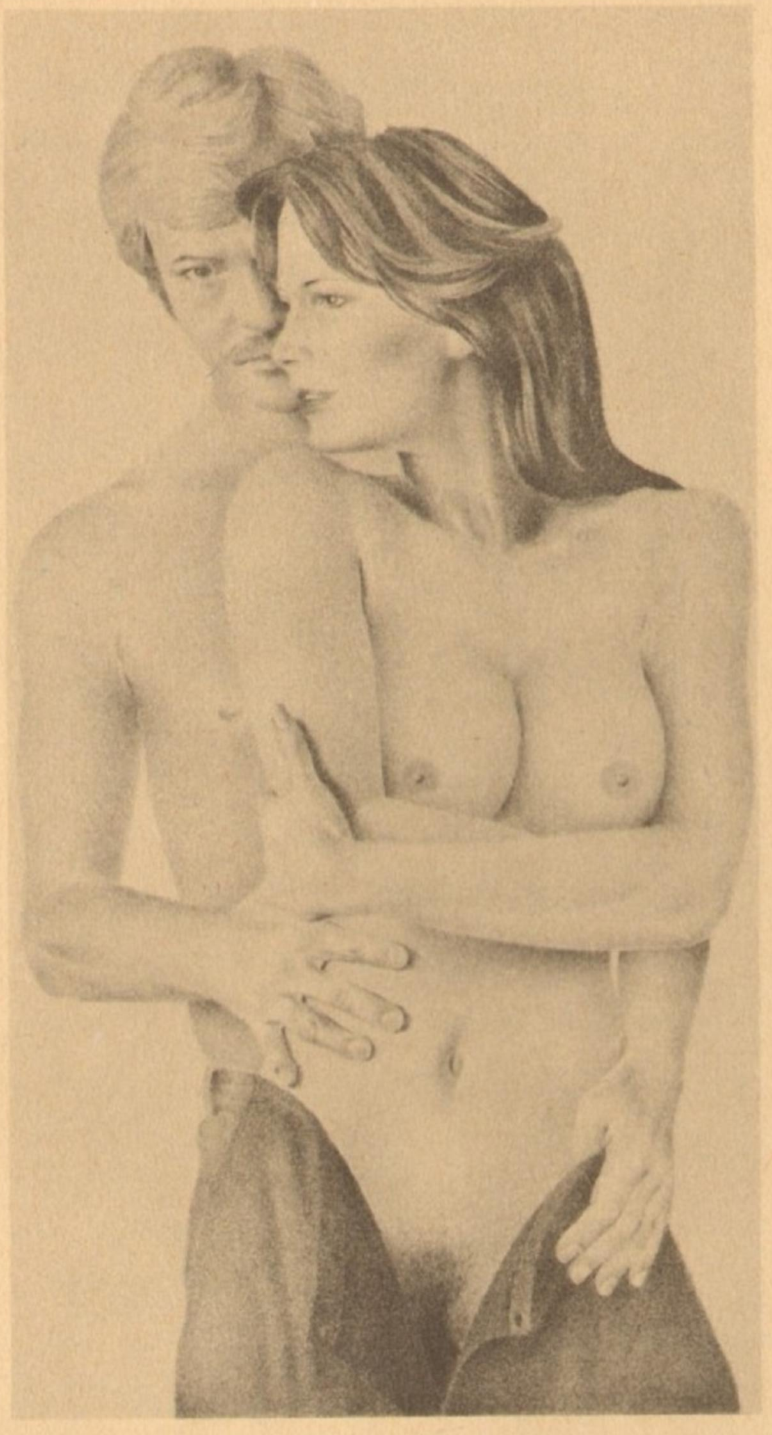

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Fifteen

Sexual excitement can be intensified in many ways. This month Quest talks to three people for whom the feeling of helplessness induced by bondage has added to their pleasure

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

COMPUTER OPERATOR, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin, Oban

The interviewee has lived in the area all her life and currently shares a flat with her boyfriend. They are thinking of getting married in the near future.

Quest: How long have Mike and you lived together?

Computer operator: About two and a half years now. I think we've finally managed to get used to one another.

Quest: But looking back, you must have had disagreements in the past. Have they affected your relationship?

Computer operator: I should say so. We nearly split up about six months ago.

Quest: Why was that?

Computer operator: I think we were getting into a rut both socially and sexually. But we managed to break out of it.

Quest: How?

Computer operator: Well, we just didn't seem to be having fun anymore. I needed something to make sex enjoyable again. Fortunately for Mike and myself we found it.

Quest: And what was it?

Computer operator: Well, you'll laugh when I tell you, but I suppose you could call it a mild form of bondage. It's only a game, and certainly nothing brutal, but it certainly put some fun back into sex for us.

Quest: How did you come to discover that what you call 'mild bondage' would be so enjoyable?

Computer operator: Almost accidentally. Like I said, about six months ago Mike and I were going through a bad patch. We'd been let down over a flat we were supposed to be buying, our car kept breaking down – in fact anything that could go wrong did. Even Mike.

Quest: How do you mean?

Computer operator: Well I just wasn't able to rouse him in the same way that I could. And then when we did do it, it was all over in about three seconds. I was getting really fed up with it. It all came to a head one Friday night. I'd had a really boring day on my VDU, programming figures and after working in such a cold, clinical atmosphere,

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Almost in tears I went to bed alone. It was then I started reminiscing.

Quest: About what?

Computer operator: I wanted to feel all warm inside so I tried to think back to the good times with Mike, then suddenly my mind flashed back to my childhood, and a silly little incident that had really turned me on.

Quest: What was that?

Quest: So what happened after that?

Computer operator: I was lying there feeling warm and moist, and a lot better and started wondering whether there was any way of getting that sort of thrill back into my sex life.

Quest: And did you?

Computer operator: Yes, I did. The very next day.

Quest: How did it come about?

Computer operator: We were watching television. One of those old westerns they always put on on Saturday afternoon, and relations had been very much restored after the night before. We'd been cuddling and kissing, joking about the hero. Then there came a scene where a young girl, the love of the cavalry captain was tied to a totem pole. Suddenly I felt full of butterflies as I remembered my dream of last night. I was melting inside at the thought, but I tried not to make it too obvious. Then Mike put his hand on my thigh. 'Don't touch me, you brute,' I cried trying to imitate the heroine. He replied in a silly imitation red indian voice. I placed my hands behind my back and pretended to struggle as if tied up. 'Let me go,' I screamed with mock fear, and then I spotted some wool with my knitting on the chest of drawers, I was hoping that Mike would really tie me up.

Quest: And did he?

Computer operator: Eventually yes. Still messing about, he said he was going to tie me to the sofa. I was so excited at the prospect I had some difficulty keeping up the silly voice I was using. Then he got the wool. Meekly, I submitted to letting him tie my wrists to the sofa arms and my ankles to the coffee table, so that both my arms and legs were well apart. At once that glorious feeling of being wonderfully helpless took over. I wasn't wearing a bra, just a thin teeshirt, and my nipples were begining to really show. I could tell that Mike was quite turned on too. He could see a lot of me as I was only wearing a short skirt and being spread-eagled he could see right up it. Then he said, 'Right, young lady, you've asked for it.' As he advanced on me I just felt myself getting wetter and wetter. He could do just what he wanted with me, and I really wanted him to do the lot.

Quest: Was Mike as excited as you obviously were?

Computer operator: I could see an enormous bulge forming in his jeans. I think he really liked the idea of taking me like that. And from what I know now, I realise I was right. I know that he loved spontaneous sex, you know, when it just happens, and it couldn't have been more spontaneous than that.

Quest: So what happened?

Computer operator: We had sex.

Quest: Can you describe it in more detail for us?

Computer operator: I'd love to. I get quite horny just thinking about it. Mike leant over me as I pretended to struggle at my woollen bonds and began kissing me. His tongue pushed into my mouth and his hands worked their way inside my teeshirt. After stroking my back, they moved up to my breasts. I was so excited that one touch of them and I was on fire. I was aching for him. When he began to roll up the top, and moved his mouth onto my nipples, I started screaming. 'Go on, make me, you bastard, make me.' 'Just wait,' he said still keeping up the voice on the film. Then his lips and tongue started kneading my left nipple, rolling it, then kissing and licking. His hot breath on my breasts was almost more than I could stand and my knickers were soaking by now. His hands began to run up my stretched thighs towards them, pushing my skirt still further up to the top of my legs. His face was buried deep in my boobs, his beard tickling the skin between them which was something I always loved, as I felt him pull the skirt as far down my legs as it would go. When he saw the taut white knickers transparent with my excitement, I think he realised just what all this was doing to me. He pushed his hand into my wet pubes and began to finger my pussy. As his two fingers slipped in, I knew that as in my earlier days, I would soon come to a shuddering climax, and soon enough I did. But this time, it was going to go on from there.

Quest: How do you mean?

Computer operator: He had satisfied me for the time being, so Mike wanted some fun. Slipping off his shirt and jeans he knelt right in front of me. His groin was level with my face and he was stiff as a pole. 'Right, young lady,' he said and pushed my face right into his sweaty dark hair. I kissed and licked his balls. I knew that sent him into a frenzy, it was almost too much for him. Then I began to run my tongue along his shaft. He was big, bigger I'm sure than I've ever seen him, and I just had to take him in my mouth. When he saw my mouth open over him, he pushed hard into me, moving in and out as I sucked at him. It was like sex in my mouth and I could feel myself aching for him to do me again properly. After only a couple of strokes, I felt a surge of energy as he came, then that lovely taste in my mouth. But like I said, I wanted it properly. I'd loved being made to suck him like that, now I wanted him inside me downstairs. So I kept him

> I was helpless as he kissed my breasts. His hot breath on my nipples was almost too much for me

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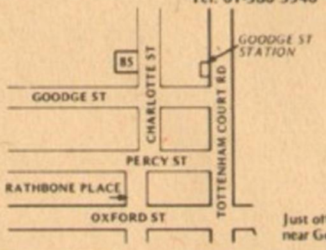

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inside my mouth until it started growing again, almost choking me. Meantime I felt his hands roll down my knickers and rub my pussy. Slowly he pulled out of my mouth and moved down, kissing me all the time. I could feel his hardness as it slid down my body until it reached my glistening bush. I felt so helpless as he slowly guided himself into me. It was so easy. So unlike other nights. For once we both wanted it and had found the perfect foreplay. Then I let out a scream as his first thrust pushed hard into me. Then again, and again. I just wanted him to go on for hours as my muscles tightened around him and then with a final thrust, he climaxed deep inside me, just as I did the same. The crescendo was tremendous. Afterwards I just kept my eyes tight shut almost afraid to let go of the pleasure I'd had.

Quest: And you have repeated this little game since?

Computer operator: I should say so. It's the best starter I know, and it has certainly kept us together.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

COMPANY EXECUTIVE, 35 years old, town of origin, Bristol

This, male, interviewee, left school at 18 and went on to take an economics degree. He is an executive with a large company, married, with one son at boarding school.

Quest: How would you describe your sex life?

Executive: Very good. I've been faithful to my wife since we married twelve years ago, and so far as I know she hasn't had any affairs either. We make love several times a week and we both enjoy it.

Quest: Has your sex life fallen into any sort of a rut, would you say?

Executive: I suppose so, though I wouldn't say it was boring. Yes, I suppose our love-making does follow the same pattern or roughly the same pattern every time. But I want to stress that we still have an active sex life.

Quest: Yes, of course. But I meant do you experiment in bed?

Executive: You mean try different things, dressing up, playing sex games and that sort of thing?

Quest: Yes.

Executive: We've always gone in for different positions, ever since we were courting, but since that incident our love-making has become much more varied, and we certainly do plan to try a lot more things. A whole new field has been opened up to us, and all by a fluke, really.

Quest: You mean that incident you wrote and told us about?

Executive: Yes. Until then I'd always thought of bondage as something fairly extreme which needed all sorts of exotic equipment.

Quest: But that occasion made you believe differently?

Executive: Oh, certainly. And the important thing is that both Helen and I enjoy it. In fact Helen often suggests it now. She's really keen.

Quest: What led you to experimenting with bondage?

Executive: A dinner party, of all things.

Quest: Please explain.

Executive: Well, we'd been invited to a dinner party by my boss and as usual Helen was dithering about trying to decide what to wear. She always takes ages, and on this occasion she was particularly anxious to impress. Well, anyway, she had virtually finished, but was still debating which scarf to wear with that particular dress. I'd just about had enough by then so I told her if she didn't make up her mind I would tie her up with one and smack her bottom.

> ‘I tied her to the bed posts then undid her dress. All she was wearing was her skimpy black lace pants’

Quest: Were you serious?

Executive: No, not at that point. But when she started teasing me and daring me I thought it would be funny. She said I couldn't and laughed, so I did.

Quest: You tied her up?

Executive: Only her wrists, with one of the scarves.

Quest: How did she react?

Executive: I expected her to be a little cross, but she wasn't. Quite the opposite, in fact. She just lay back on the bed, looking at me. It was a funny look.

Quest: In what way?

Executive: A sexy look. It's difficult to describe, but it's the look she gets when she's feeling aroused just before we make love, a horny look, if you'll pardon me being rather crude about it.

Quest: You mean she was turned on?

Executive: Yes, and so was I. I was feeling horny as hell. Helen was looking at my crotch and she looked up at me and said, ‘I'm helpless now, what are you going to do to me?’ or something like that.

Quest: What did you do?

Executive: I pulled her skirt up above her waist and showed her legs. Helen has very sexy legs, long and slim and we'd just come back from holiday so they were bare and tanned a golden brown. She opened them and I looked at the bulge of her crotch through her tight white pants. A few wisps of black hair were curling out on either side. I looked at Helen, but she didn't say anything. Instead she just smiled and licked her lips invitingly.

Quest: Did you take her pants off?

Executive: Yes. I walked my fingers up her thighs, tickling her, then eased one then a second inside the tight elastic of her pants. I could feel that she was wet when my fingers found her cleft, so I gently eased her pants down her thighs. I began to rub her gently, just across her cleft, teasing her with my fingers. Then I flicked a finger inside her, sliding in easily because she was very wet by then. I eased the finger in as far as I could and she began to moan when I started to tease her clit with my thumb, moving it over her in a circular motion. I know that always gets her going.

Quest: How did she react?

Executive: She got very excited and opened her legs wide so I got a beautiful view of her wet little pussy, glistening in that dark nest of pubes. I increased the pressure of my thumb on her clit and began to work my finger in and out, in a fucking motion. Her moans got louder as she bucked on the bed, kicking with her legs.

Quest: Did you have actual sexual intercourse?

Executive: Not then. I stood up and began to unzip myself, but Helen pointed out that we were late already so I didn't have time. But I did suggest we should try it again the next day, Sunday, when we could take our time and enjoy ourselves.

Quest: And did you?

Executive: Oh yes. I drank quite a lot at dinner that evening because my boss likes his booze, so when we got home I tumbled into bed and fell asleep. The next morning Helen was already up and in the garden by the time I surfaced, so I thought I would have to wait until that night.

Quest: Did you?

Executive: Oh, no. I was sitting dozing in front of the cricket on the TV after lunch when Helen walked in with a handful of scarves and dropped them into my lap. She didn't say anything, just smiled and winked. Of course I took the hint and led her to the bedroom.

Quest: You tied her up?

Executive: Yes. But before I did I told her we would stop any time she wanted to. She told me to go ahead, so I tied her wrists to either side of the rail of our old brass bed, but not too tightly. She was laying on her back, helpless.

Quest: Did you undress her?

Executive: Yes. She was wearing a dress that buttoned down the front, so I undid it, exposing her completely. She was naked under it apart from a skimpy pair of black lace pants that always turn me on. She opened her legs wide, and I undressed. When I was naked I knelt between her legs and held one foot, kissing her red painted toes and working my lips over her foot, across her ankle and along her shin. I gradually worked higher and higher, licking and kissing her leg until I came to her thighs. I took my time there, tickling both thighs with my tongue, my head between her legs as I caught her musky scent. She was moaning and wriggling under my mouth, but I didn't stop, I just moved higher so my lips were brushing the soft lace of her pants. I licked her through the material until it was wet from her juices and my saliva.

Quest: Did you perform oral sex on her?

Executive: Yes. I pulled her pants down and flicked my tongue across her wet cleft, barely parting it. She was so wet my tongue slid into her easily. I darted my tongue in and out, flicking it around her clit. She was begging me to fuck her, but I wasn't ready to, yet. I moved my mouth up onto her belly, flicking my tongue into her navel and moving upwards to her boobs. They are small but very firm with large dark nipples which stood

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to attention for my mouth as I sucked and nibbled first one then the other. I tweaked them with my fingers, teasing and playing with them.

Quest: Was your wife responding well to this foreplay?

Executive: Yes, she was groaning loudly and thrashing her legs about, trying to grip me between her thighs. So I straddled her face, with my knees either side of her head. I was rock hard and I held it in front of her face, telling her in detail how I was going to ease it into her, inch by inch, and then give her the fucking she wanted.

Quest: What did she say?

Executive: She begged me to let her suck it, and pushed out her tongue towards it flicking over the knob. I moved forwards so she could lick me, and she ran her tongue over the end and began to lick up and down, slipping her whole mouth over me and sucking gently. We have always enjoyed oral sex, but this time it was fantastic, she took nearly all of me into her mouth, teasing me with her tongue as her lips moved backwards and forwards.

Quest: Did you climax?

Executive: No. I felt myself on the brink, but I wanted to do it properly, while she was helpless under me. I positioned myself between her legs. She was so wet I slid into her easily. I pulled almost all the way out, then slid in again. Slowly I started to fuck her, moving in and out, in and out, plunging into her slowly and very gently at first, but building up in speed and power as her groaning got louder.

Quest: Did she climax?

Executive: Yes, as she began to come I increased my speed until I was pounding into her as fast as I could. She wrapped her legs around my waist like a vice and yelled and tossed her head from side to side as the feelings swept over her. I couldn't hold out myself. It was one of the most intense climaxes I've ever had. I lay on top of her exhausted for a while, until she began to nibble my neck. Then I began to feel myself stir again.

Quest: You had sex again?

Executive: Yes. I pulled out of her and rubbed myself between her boobs until I was hard and ready again. Then I knelt between her legs, took her by the ankles and pushed myself into her as I held her legs wide apart. As I went into her I leaned forwards and put her legs over my shoulders so her thighs were bent up underneath me with her legs wrapped around my neck. We fucked like crazy. It was one of the most exhausting love sessions we'd had for years. I untied her and we lay on the bed together, just cuddling one another.

Quest: Have you experimented with tying your wife up since that occasion?

Executive: Oh, yes. We've tried it with her laying face down on the bed with her wrists tied so I can take her from behind, doggy-style. That turned us both on. And we also tried it with her feet tied, but she didn't like that.

Quest: Have you thought about trying it with your wife tying you up?

Executive: We've discussed it and I wouldn't be surprised if Helen had to call my mates one morning soon to tell them I won't be able to make it to the squash club because I'm all tied up, if you see what I mean.

Quest: Yes, I do, and thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

JUNIOR SCHOOL TEACHER, blonde, 23 years old, town of origin Norwich

This interviewee worked for one of the big four banks upon leaving school and before taking up teaching. She is single and lives alone in a rented flat.

Quest: Do you enjoy sex?

Teacher: Oh yes, of course I do; most girls enjoy sex, and those who don't or say they never have orgasms, just haven't met the right man yet.

Quest: Do you often have orgasms when having sex with a man?

Teacher: Not every time, no.

Quest: And what in your opinion is the most important factor which leads a woman to orgasm?

Teacher: If you expect me to say that it's a nine inch dong, then you're wrong. There are other much better ways to get enjoyment from sex.

Quest: In what way?

Teacher: I'm not into those sort of things, but I'm sure that variations on your boring old missionary position are beneficial, even watching dirty films, acting out little fantasies – good heavens I'd have thought you were experts on this subject; you just have to read your letters pages – spanking, bondage. I don't know. Whatever turns them on.

Quest: But you say none of those things turn you on.

Teacher: I'm not kinky about anything. I like making love when I'm on top, where I can command how much I actually take inside me. I also like being had from behind, not anal sex mind you, just doggie style, that's very enjoyable.

Quest: Apart from different positions, you haven't experimented at all?

Teacher: No. But there have been a couple of situations that I've been in which are very sexy to think back on.

Quest: What were they, exactly?

Teacher: Well, they're silly, really, not like the usual stories in Quest. I can't tell you about them like that; it's so embarrassing talking to you like this. What's come over me?

Quest: I'm sure that what you have to say is interesting. There's no need to be worried about telling us.

Teacher: Sorry. It's just that I feel a little uneasy; you talk to all those women, I suppose it's all right.

Quest: What were these incidents? What did they involve?

Teacher: Being tied up.

Quest: Bondage?

Teacher: No. No. I don't want you to have the wrong idea about this. It wasn't like that.

Quest: How was it then?

Teacher: It was seven or eight years ago. It was with my first boyfriend. I suppose it must have stemmed from that.

Quest: Stemmed from what?

Teacher: Yes, I'm not being very logical about this am I. I can remember it so well. Terry, that was my boyfriend, the first real boy I went out with, and I were in my bedroom listening to records. My parents were out and we were there alone, apart from my stupid brother.

Quest: Older brother?

Teacher: No. He was about nine at the time.

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> Help me, I laughed, but instead of untying me he toppled me onto the bed, and kissed me all over

Quest: So what did you do?

Quest: And what happened on this other occasion? Were you with Terry that time as well?

Teacher: No, Terry didn't last too long after that, and when I left school I had a few more boyfriends, but it wasn't until I was 18 that I had intercourse for the first time. For the past four years I've had a string of steady relationships in which we regularly enjoyed sex.

Quest: And did you become bored?

Teacher: No, I was never bored. But this other thing happened only a few months ago, and it's made me think about what and where I'm heading sexually.

Quest: And that was?

Teacher: It was the opposite of what had happened earlier, with me on the receiving end. I was totally helpless, not able to respond in any way, but it was fun, and we had good sex.

Quest: Tell me.

Teacher: Neville and I have lived together since the beginning of last year. He's good to me, both emotionally and physically. He's not over-endowed though, and after almost a year of sex with him perhaps we were becoming a little jaded. We used to have these silly anniversary evenings. Now Neville is a fantastic cook, and he prepares something special, and we stay in and have a few bottles before retiring to the bedroom. On this particular occasion – I think we were celebrating being together twelve months – we had retired to the lounge and had taken a big bottle to have in front of the fire while we talked about our plans etc. All that happened in fact was that we got tipsy. Gradually we got more and more passionate, and started kissing. There was nothing unusual in that. Neville had my blouse undone and had lifted my bra so that he could play with my nipples. My breathing became heavier, because that always gets me worked up, and I could feel myself getting damp down there. 'Come on,' Neville said, 'let's get to bed.' And there was this great rush to get undressed and get into bed.

Quest: And what happened?

Teacher: Neville was already undressed by the time he got upstairs. I've got to laugh, remembering his bare bum and stiff tool wobbling about as he raced to the bathroom. I was a bit tipsy, so took my time. I kicked off my shoes and undid my jeans and sat on the bed to pull them down. My panties came down with them. Then I stood up to take my jumper and blouse off, and stupidly I tried to take them off together as my blouse was already undone. I crossed my arms to lift them off and I got caught up, with my head and arms all twisted in the jumper. It was awful, I couldn't move. I was completely trapped.

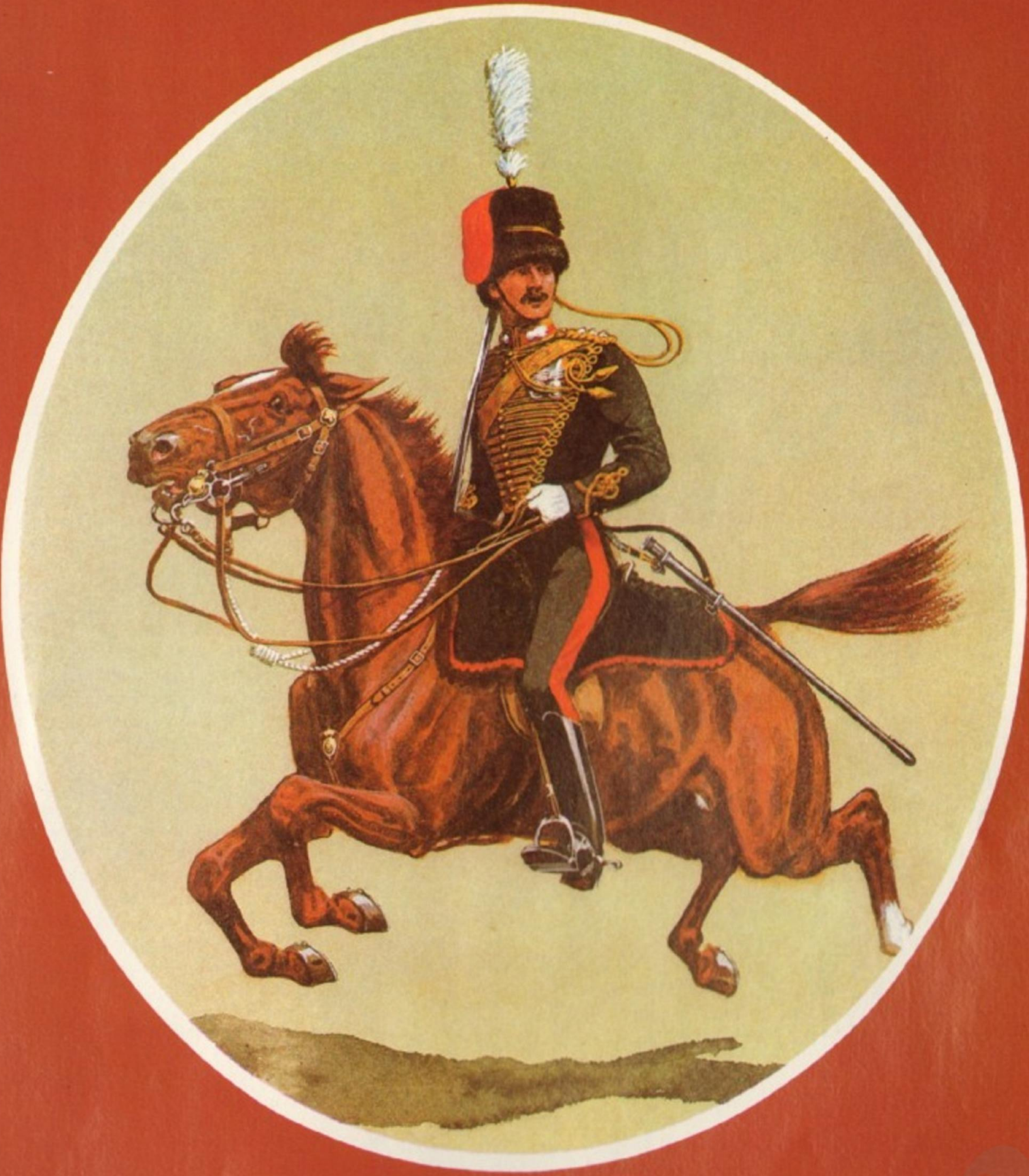
Quest: And what of Neville?

Teacher: Neville came out of the bathroom, and seeing me in that state, started laughing. 'Help me,' I said, but instead of helping me get untied, he said something like 'That'll do nicely' and toppled me on to the bed. He began kissing me all over, on my bare breasts, rolling my nipples between his lips and tongue, then moving down to my navel, and on to the tops of my thighs. It felt beautiful; different from our normal foreplay. I was burning for him. I wanted him then to take me, even abuse me, to do whatever he wanted. The hot breath between my legs as his tongue found my vagina was incredible. The more I protested even though I didn't mean it, the more vigorous he became, licking me really hard on my clitoris, and his tongue darting into me and then out. It was beautiful agony. I wanted to hold him, to feel him, to taste him, but he was in control, I was helpless. Without any kissing or anymore preliminaries, he rolled me on to my back and I felt him reach down and hold himself in position as he entered me. I was begging him to fuck me. 'I want to feel you in me. Make me come,' I was pleading with him, as he moved into me slowly, in and out for ages. It felt so intense that I was biting my lower lip. He began moving into me faster and faster and in the end was pumping into me violently, moving me bodily up the bed until I was banging my head on the wall. I orgasmed very quickly, and then I just lost all control as I felt him come.

Quest: Have you ever asked him to make bondage more a part of your love games?

Teacher: No. Perhaps I should. I love the feeling of being helpless, but I'm wary of it, I don't want it to become a major part of my sex life. But it's nice to think back on, and I can fantasise until something else happens, or I decide perhaps to ask Neville to experiment. After all, he enjoyed it too, but it's just become one of those things we don't talk about.

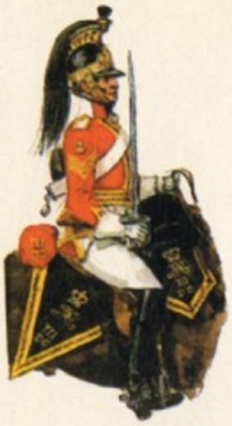
Quest: Thank you.



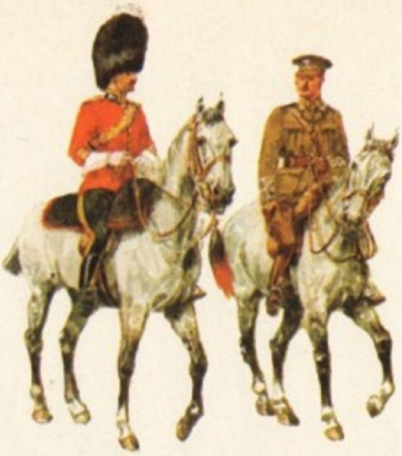
Royal Horse Artillery officer, full dress, 1912.

Dressed to kill

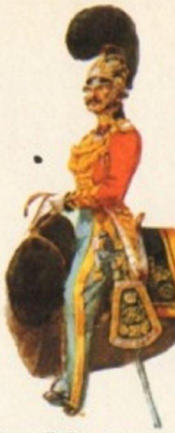
Nothing typifies the spectacle
of the British Army better than the bright
crimson and polished metal of
the cavalry regiments, captured here in the
superb illustrations of a
forgotten Victorian artist, Richard Simkin



3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards sergeant-major, full dress, 1815.



2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) captain, full dress, and lieutenant, service dress, 1914.

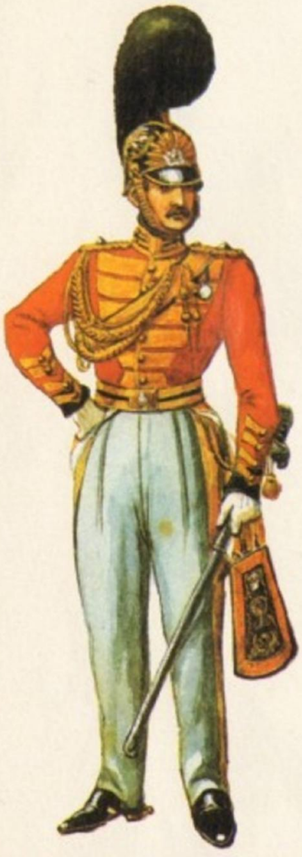


1st (Royal) Dragoons officer, full dress, 1826.

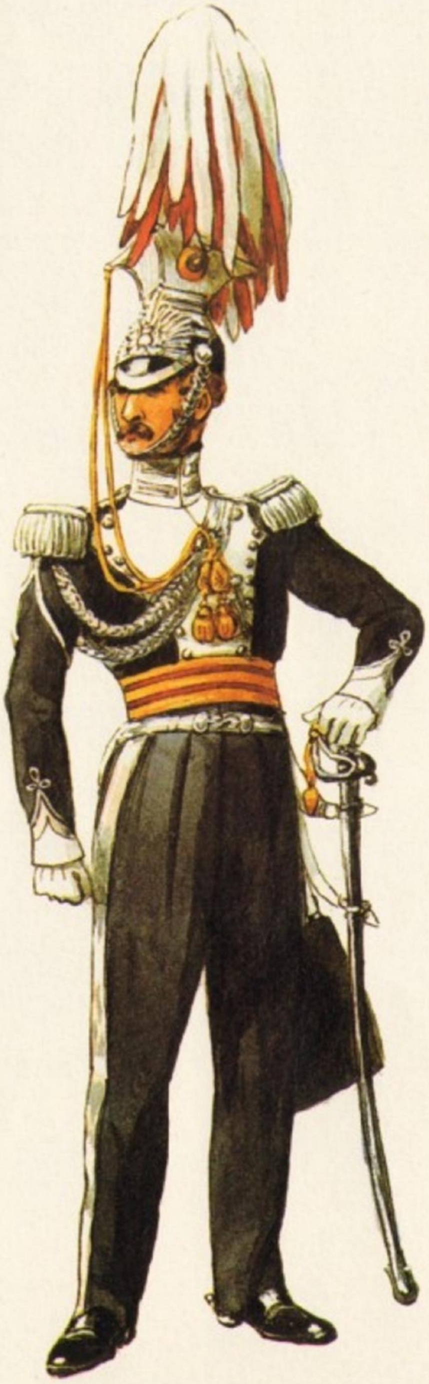
The colour and spectacle of the British military uniform is often said to have been intended to instil panic in less disciplined enemies. Now that same splendour is more commonly seen at special occasions where such pageantry is admired the world over.

Capturing the brilliance of these uniforms is difficult but perhaps the best militaria artist was Richard Simkin. As can be seen from these pictures reproduced from a magnificent collection of his work entitled *Uniforms of the British Army* (published by Webb and Bower, price £14.95), he specialised in detailing the bright red and polished brass of the cavalry regiments from the 19th and early 20th centuries.

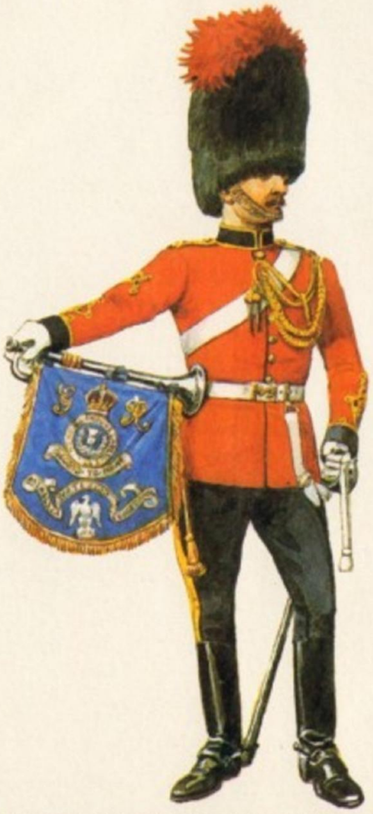
Simkin, born in 1850, was a soldier himself in a London volunteer regiment before moving to Aldershot where he was in a perfect position to capture the troops as they prepared for their embarkation to Egypt. Sadly he died in 1926, but through this book his artistry, and the magnificence of British militaria, lives on.



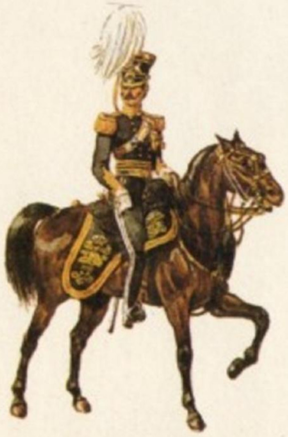
1st King's Dragoon Guards officer, 1825.



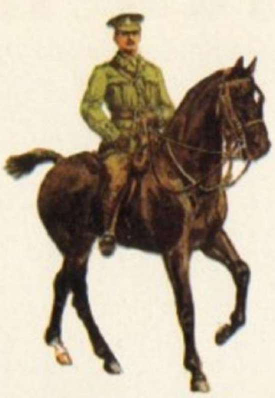
17th Lancers officer, full dress, 1822.



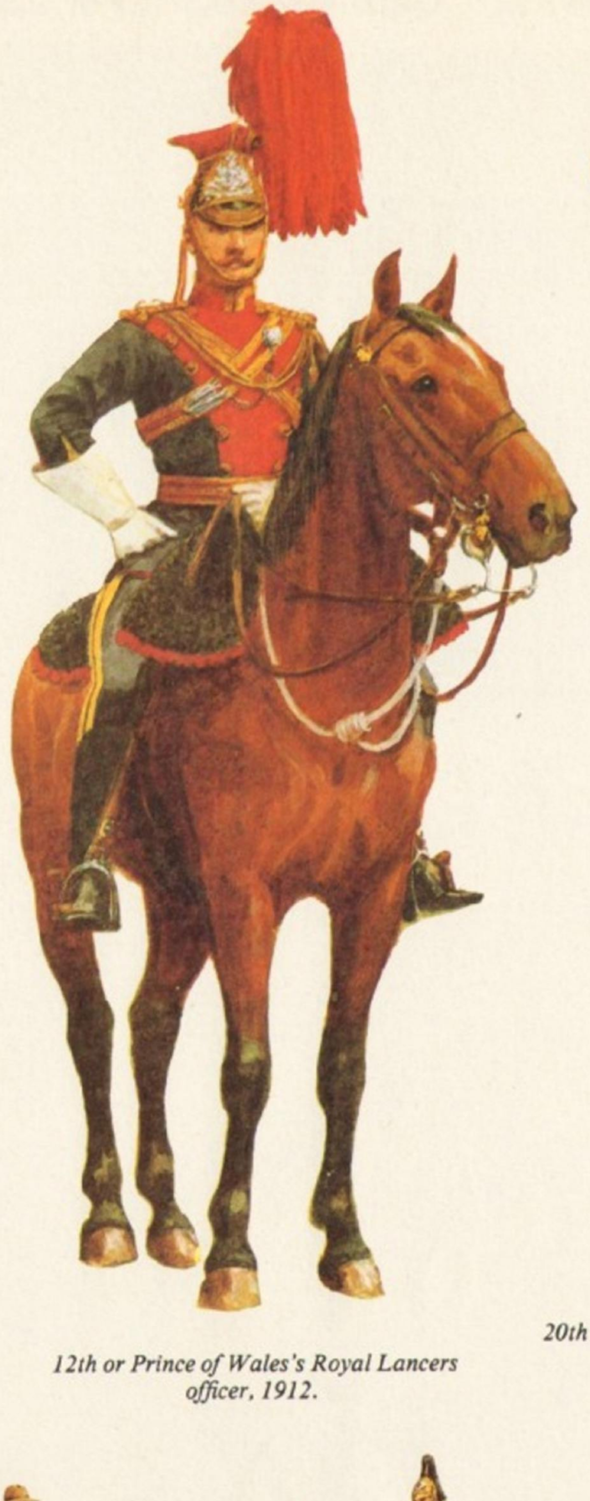
2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) trumpeter, full dress, 1912.

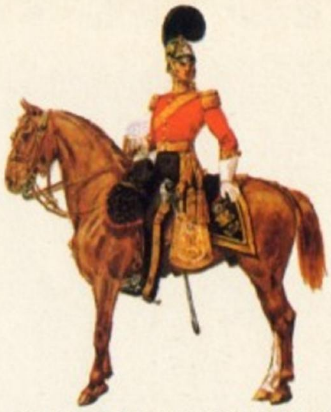


13th Light Dragoons officer, full dress, 1844.

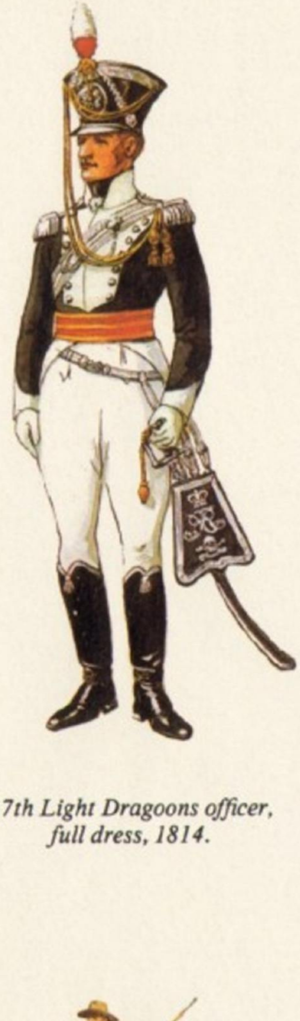


Royal Horse Artillery lieutenant, service dress, 1914.



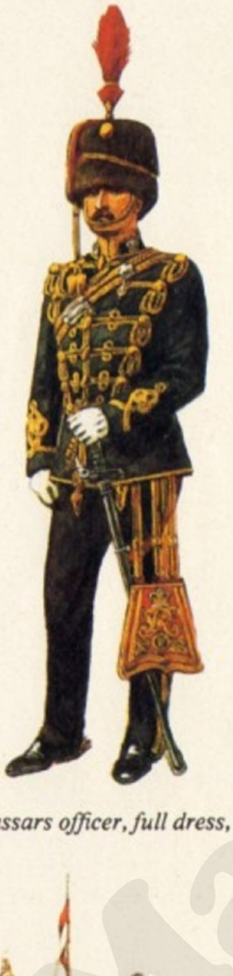


6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers) officer, full dress 1832.

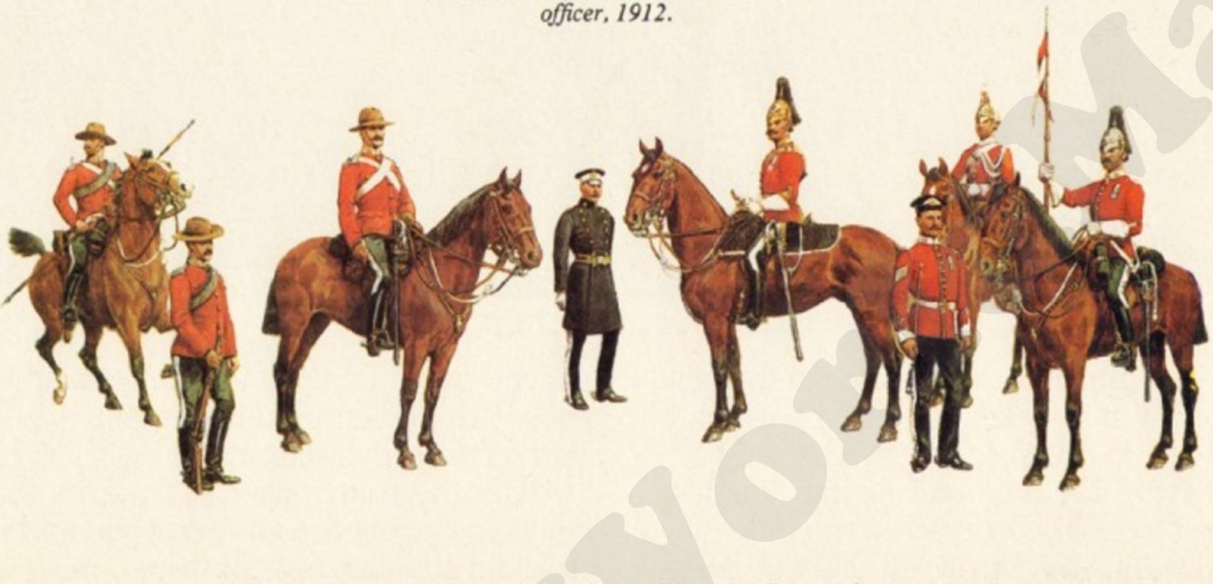


17th Light Dragoons officer, full dress, 1814.

12th or Prince of Wales's Royal Lancers officer, 1912.



20th Hussars officer, full dress, 1872.



2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) miscellaneous officers and men, 1901–3.

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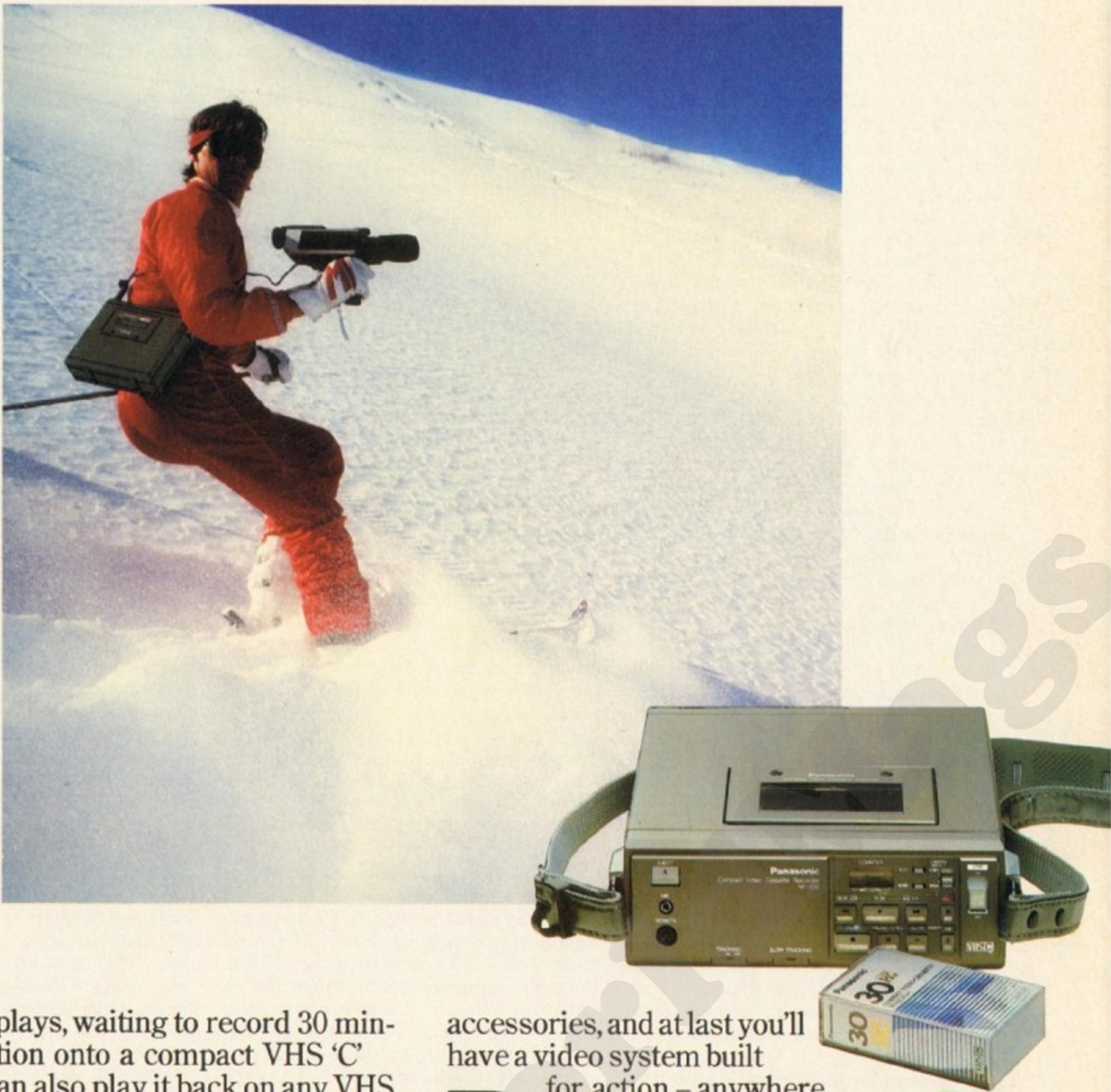

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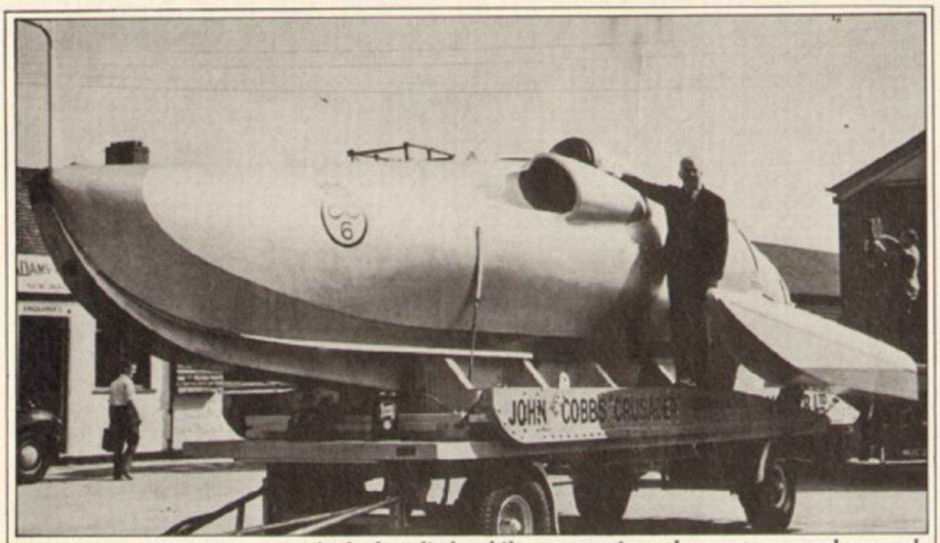


Cobb with Crusader, *in which he died while attempting the water speed record*

John Cobb

continued from page 48

Donald, having reconverted his father's *Bluebird K4* back to piston and propeller power, won with it the Oltranza Cup Race on Lake Garda. Thus encouraged, and after slightly altering the angle of incidence of her planing-shoes, he took her up to Coniston Water, undoubtedly with the water speed record in mind. However, although he worked *Bluebird* up to a speed of 170mph, she struck a submerged baulk of timber and sank, fortunately in shallow waters which permitted a salvage operation. Financial restraints then prevented Donald from further pursuing his ambitions.

On Windermere in 1952 there appeared another would-be record-seeking craft. This was a creation of Frank Hanning-Lee, a turbo-jet-engined hydro-foil named *White Hawk*. But despite a three-month effort, this strange-looking craft showed no promise. It certainly posed no threat to Cobb who, with Railton, had been busily studying all the possible home venues for *Crusader*. For John wished that if he gained the record, it should be on British waters.

Windermere, Coniston Water, and Ullswater were all considered, but a decision was finally reached that Scotland's Loch Ness was a suitable choice. For this 22½-mile loch afforded ample width in which to manoeuvre. It could also offer the steamer terminal at Temple Pier as a launch and recovery base.

In early September of 1952 *Crusader* and her supporting cast assembled at the pier. A very well-equipped headquarters had been established by a team of Castrol men, under the supervision of Captain George Eyston. For Cobb's old friend and adversary of the 1939 battle of the salt flats was at Ness to support his old rival in his new role.

Cobb now faced an entirely new challenge, for he had never handled a power-boat in his life. But, except for one lapse that was to come later, his characteristic imperturbability remained quite undisturbed throughout the period of build-up, and he undertook the long programme of preparation completely unruffled.

Crusader was given her buoyancy tests, and the Ghost engine its static land-test. When all seemed well, he commenced a series of runs, familiarising himself with the boat, gradually gaining confidence in his own ability, and building up his speeds. He reached 50, 100, then 150mph – and at this higher speed faults in the boat's trim on the water became evident. In order to improve her planing angle, structural changes were made to her sponsons. To improve the steering – for *Crusader* had been deviating from a straight course – her phosphorbronze rudder position was modified. Further tests showed that these changes had worked. Optimism spread around the loch-shore.

Peter du Cane, however, was concerned about the forward planing-shoe beneath the prow. Examination following high-speed runs suggested that there was a weakness at this point, and he suggested that *Crusader* should return to Vospers so that the mounting could be reinforced. But Cobb demurred. He had business commitments to meet and was by this time anxious to get on with the job in hand. He assured du Cane that he would not be attempting 200mph. '190 will give us the record,' he said, 'and if I have a flat surface she'll cause us no trouble.'

But Loch Ness did not offer that flat surface for some considerable time. For several days the gloomy waters were whipped up by high winds, and heavy rain caused debris to be swept onto the course as it was brought down by the Falls of Divach and the many rivers and burns which drain the shores of the loch. Urquhart Bay, into which Temple Pier projects, was storm-tossed and its surface littered with driftwood. Loch Ness in fact was in its most unwelcoming mood.

It was not until September 29 that conditions again looked favourable. *Crusader* was made ready at early dawn and the support boats went out to their respective stations along the measured course. Then just as Cobb was ready to go, a brisk breeze began to ruffle the waters, and it was not until about 10.30am that the loch presented a near mirror-smooth surface.

Cobb had given the timekeepers instructions to maintain station in their boat, but as he finally prepared to make his first run he saw them returning to the pier. And this provoked the first breakdown of that unflappability for which he was famous; which was indeed his hallmark. He became very angry and told the timekeepers in no uncertain terms to get back to their position. They lost no time in doing so, but Cobb – still angry because of the disturbance to the loch's surface caused by the washes of their boat – had to wait for another ten minutes or so before starting his first run.

At last the Ghost engine was fired up, and a green flare soared above the loch. The attempt was on.

As her speed built up and her characteristic closely-corrugated wake marked her passing, *Crusader* seemed to be performing her task perfectly. But her pilot seemed to have forgotten the assurance he had earlier given to du Cane. For he accelerated to a speed which, even to the watchers on the shore, was obviously well above 200mph. Had *Crusader* cleared the exit-buoy on the course after the first run, Cobb's speed would have been very fast indeed. It was later estimated to be around 240mph. Even a considerably slower return run would have been sufficient to give him his record by a handsome margin.

But before the buoy was reached the boat was seen to porpoise very suddenly and violently. Abruptly, the stem went right down in the water, there was a great explosion. Within seconds she seemed to disintegrate and in a vast eruption of water to vanish completely. John Cobb, that most genial of men, must have been killed instantly.

The watchers on the shore were stunned. It had all happened so swiftly. As the sounds died away and peace returned to the loch, the body of Cobb came to the surface, bobbing gently in its lifejacket. Medical opinion later stated that a man of Cobb's constitution, even at the age of 53, would almost certainly have survived the crash, but would have succumbed to the enormous shock.

Many small segments of *Crusader's* hull came to the surface. Of the actual cause of the tragedy there was no evidence. It was all down to conjecture and much theorising. It was presumed that the first downward plunge of that sudden porpoising motion caused water to be sucked into the air-intakes, the result being an immediate flame-out of the engine. As each subsequent rapid plunge thrust more water into the hull, enormous pressure built up within and caused the hull, literally, to burst. It was also disclosed that a series of small swells were observed returning to the loch centre from the shoreline, just as the boat was crossing their path on a parallel course. Had the impact of their meeting ripped off the suspect forward planing shoe whose mounting had caused du Cane such concern? And another question was quietly raised amongst Cobb's intimates. Had the strains of the previous weeks, culminating in the angry exchange of words with the timekeepers, finally succeeded in breaking down John Cobb's well-known aplomb, and had he just been too anxious to get the thing over and done with?

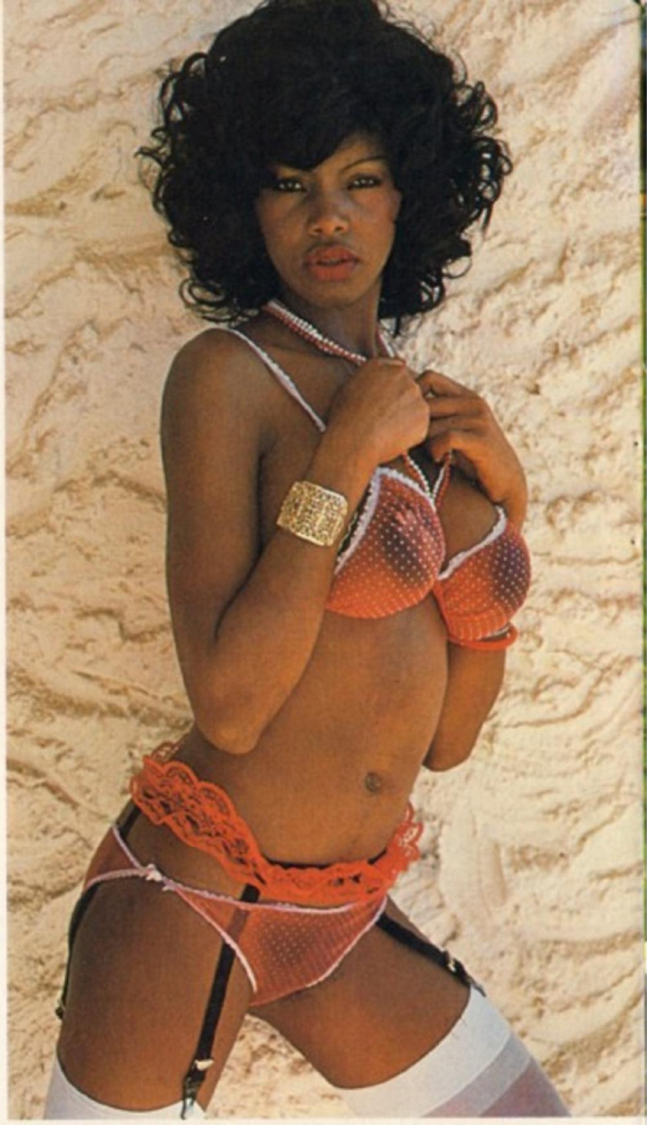
By the side of Loch Ness on the Inverness to Fort William road, and opposite the spot where *Crusader* crashed, there now stands a stone cairn. Its rugged simplicity is perhaps the most fitting of memorials to Britain's great quiet man of speed.

CAMELLA

007'S DARK BEAUTY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Last time we were introduced to the spectacular figure of Camella was in Vol 13 No 10. In those days she was known as Camella Donner, and her chief claim to fame was the way she had blown readers' minds with her dancing on *Top of the Pops*. She was dancing to a number called *Too Hot to Handle* by Heatwave in front of a backdrop of flames. Some five years later, Camella Thomas, as she now calls herself, is also proving too hot to handle with a succession of sensational film appearances. Now, the dusky 34D–22–34 beauty is one of *Octopussy's* lethal yet lovely troop in the new James Bond film, the perfect excuse to feature 25-year-old Camella once again.



Camella was born and brought up on the West Indian island of St Kitts, moving to Britain only seven years ago. After a couple of years living in Cardiff, she has now moved to London though she seldom gets much time at home as she is often abroad working on a range of acting and modelling assignments. In fact, she is probably Britain's most successful black model and when you look at her astonishingly beautiful breasts, and her natural affinity with the camera it is easy to see why. Now with her move to motion pictures, she is assured of a great future.

Camella made her film debut in the recent movie version of *Flash Gordon*, the space fantasy whose soundtrack provided by the rock group, Queen, rocketed to the top of the charts. Though it was quite an important role, it didn't test her abilities quite as hard as *Octopussy*. As well as providing the obvious beauty element in the film, the *Octopussy* girls have a sinister side. They are all skilled in unarmed combat, and as the film progresses they become increasingly deadly, killing with cunning and finesse. All of which means that Camella is involved in some exciting action sequences, and had to learn fighting skills to do battle with the baddies. No wonder she claims her chief interest is keeping fit. She needs to.

Courting St James's

continued from page 78

have the atmosphere of a Duke's house – with the Duke lying dead upstairs.

The Travellers' Club, however, is a marvellous old place which has remained unchanged for over a century. So, indeed, have the rules, which means that the definition of a traveller is still a man who has travelled 500 miles measured in a straight line from London. When it was formed, this meant that the members were all travellers to antique lands – now you can qualify through your summer holiday. Yet the club still attracts diplomatic members from all over the world, although these days they tend to be a little more westernised than the visitor who once pointed at a glass flycatcher, full of syrup and dead flies, and asked the waiter to 'Bring me some of dat.'

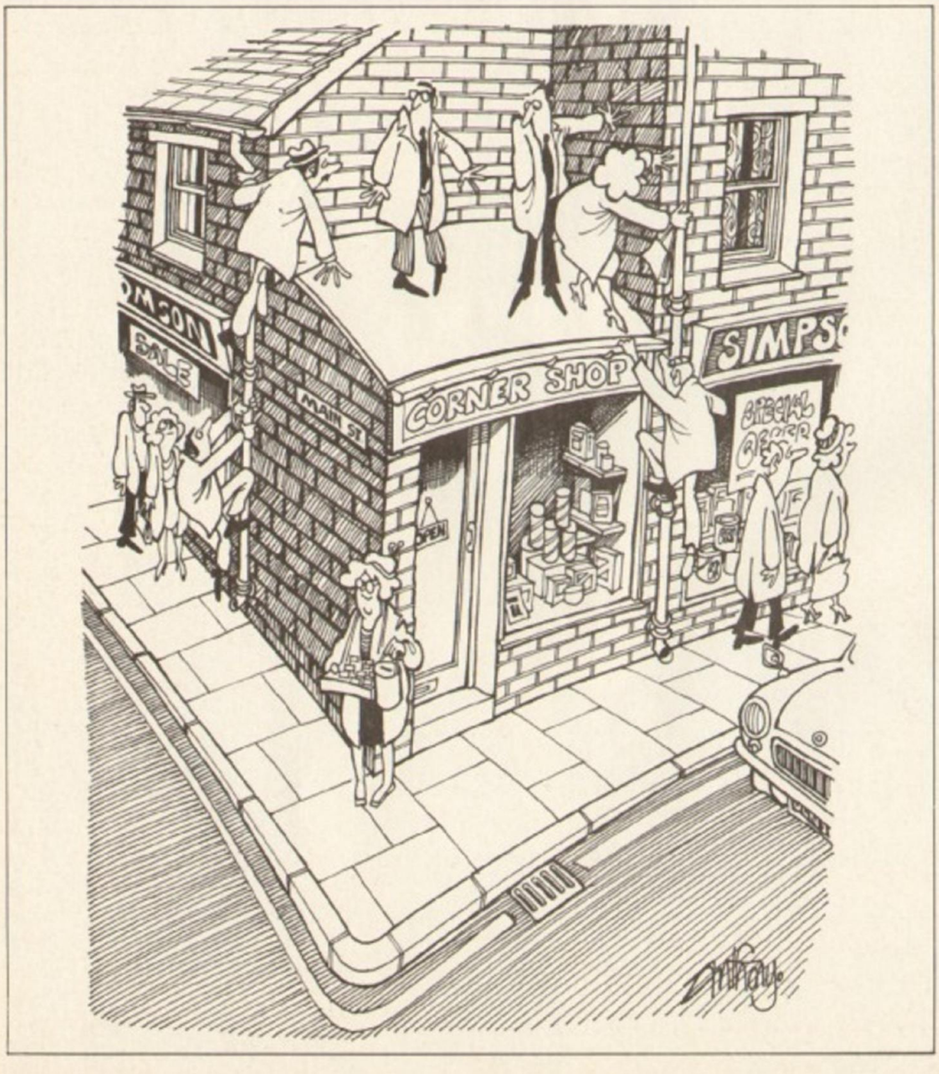
One famous incident at *The Travellers'* concerned the suicide of a member who had spent much of his life in Japan (where, it was later said in his defence, he had acquired a characteristic 'indifference to life'). One evening, he blew his brains out in the billiard-room, where he was discovered by two members, one of whom exploded with indignation, and concluded a furious outburst with: 'I'll take damn good care he never gets into any other club I have anything to do with!'

Subscriptions to *The Travellers'* are £250 a year, or £150 if you're under 28, and they'll even send you a list of members to scour for acquaintances, if you can't immediately think of the necessary proposer and second. Mind you, I think I'd still have difficulties – most of my friends do all their travelling on a Red Rover.

Times must certainly have changed if one can join *The Travellers'* with such ease. Among those who were excluded, by what seems to have been a particularly cantankerous membership, were Sir Edwin Landseer, Lord Rosebery, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Crewe and Lord Lytton. They even excluded that great Traveller, Cecil Rhodes! And what hope would there have been for a journalist in the days when Thackeray was blackballed by a man who said, 'We don't want any writing fellows here'?

So I looked around for a club which was really suited to my character – and *The Eccentric Club* sprang, unbidden, to mind. Now, as a matter of fact, the club has very little eccentricity about it. It has beautiful premises, a busy, boisterous billiards room, and a cheerfully masculine atmosphere. Most of its members are businessmen, although the Water Rats, the variety artists who raise so much for charity, are automatically members. The only really eccentric thing is the clock above the bar, which is a mirror image of normal clocks, and moves backwards. But then after a serious night's drinking, aren't most clocks like that?

Perhaps they sensed an applicant worthy of their name, but I was positively encouraged to apply. Membership requires the usual proposer and second, and then you have to get through the interviewing committee and the general committee, before paying £172.50 a year, or £86.25 if you're under 30. However, there's also a sort of tradesman's entrance. If you can rope in three friends, you can all have corporate membership for £200 a year, in which case you don't need a proposer and second. Presumably this works on the principle that genuine eccentrics have a screw loose, and are therefore obviously not well connected.



And while on the subject of eccentrics *The Savile Club* itself is worthy of a mention. Twenty years after the invention of the telephone, the committee still refused to install one, and the club sent a petition to the Home Secretary protesting at the construction of the Piccadilly Line.

Finally, I decided to make use of my education. The prime qualification for joining the *Oxford & Cambridge Club* is, not surprisingly, that you attended one of those universities. (There are those of us who would claim that only one of them *is* a University, the other being a sort of Fenland Polytechnic.) As a Lincoln College, Oxford man it seemed that I would have little difficulty getting in. Once again, I could look through the list of members to find some old University chums who would propose and second me; it would currently cost me £126.50 a year in subscriptions, rising to £253 a year when I'm over 32. And never mind six years, I'd be a member inside six weeks.

At this point, Groucho Marx's famous doctrine reared its ugly head. Do I want to join the sort of club which would have me as a member? After all, what kind of exclusivity is there in a club which would let me in? The truth is that many of the old and famous clubs are in difficulties these days; their high subscriptions are driving out old members, so that, as one clubman put it, 'there's no such thing as Club Society any more. They can't even keep in the men they used to keep out.' It means that some of the most impressive and imposing clubs are now surprisingly easy to join.

The election system does, however, keep bores out of the clubs – if one does sneak through the net, the members will be quick to make things uncomfortable for him, and even to offer bribes as an inducement for him to leave. A famous story tells of how a member of *The Turf Club* met a fellow member coming out of the Club. 'What do you think!' exclaimed the indignant gentleman. 'A fellow in the card room has just had the impertinence to offer me £50 to resign from the Club. What would you do in those circumstances?'

The man thought, and then replied, 'Well, if I were you, I should wait six weeks. Because by then, he'll offer you £500.'

Standards haven't slipped even though entry is now easier. Gentlemen's clubs still uphold a timeless tradition of status, style and masculine morals. Some say that they are now in their twilight – but as evey gentleman knows, if you want to meet some friends, settle into a comfortable leather armchair with a whisky and soda, and have a doze before dinner, twilight is the best possible time.

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LETTERS

continued from page 13

my window, and saw two young girls wearing robes. When they took them off I thought the blonde with the long shaggy hair was beautiful. She was wearing a white string bikini and had long legs with a petite body.

That evening she came into the lounge in a black bra-less evening gown, with straps so thin that every time she moved I could see the sides of her gorgeous tits, not to mention the creamy tops peering out over her low cut neckline. I chatted to her for a while, and she agreed to have a drink with me the next night.

The next evening she came to watch me play, and as soon as I had finished we went to my room for a drink. I couldn't keep my eyes off her long brown legs disappearing into her white shorts. She was leaning back on my pillow with her bare feet on my bed, and every once in a while she would catch me staring at her nipples poking through a thin white T-shirt which looked a size too small.

Finally I finished my drink, and just bent down and kissed her. She wrapped her arms around my neck, stuck her tongue in my mouth, and pulled me on top of her. I quickly moved my right hand under her shirt, and fondled her beautiful pert tits as our tongues worked in each others' mouths.

After a while I slipped her shorts off and edged my hand under the flimsy material of her knickers to find that she was already wet. She was very responsive to my gentle probing, and when I finally began to lick her she asked me to make love to her immediately.

But before I penetrated her we enjoyed a 69 and she massaged me with her tits. We ended up in a mutual climax.

She was only on holiday for a week, so I only had her once after that. But during my stay I had a few other exciting situations arise. Like the time a beautiful 20 year old nurse with large tits knocked on my door at five in the morning looking for her room-mate. But that's another story.

J A, N4

In Vol 18 No 4 one reader told us that in Oz, Durex is a brand of sticky tape. Is he aware that the verb 'to root' also has a different meaning, namely to have sex? The Aussies were most impressed when I told them that London has Routemaster buses!

RH, Exeter

My husband and I have just discovered the ultimate sexual aid, but we bought it in our local supermarket, not some seedy Soho shop. I'm talking about those new aerosol tins of cream, which just squirt the cream through a nozzle, rather like an air freshener. I didn't buy it with fun and games in mind. In fact I needed it for a trifle because my husband, Paul's, boss was coming for dinner the next day. But Paul had other ideas.

We were laying in bed chatting late on the Friday night when Paul got up to get a glass of water. He opened the fridge for some ice and spotted the cream. And being a randy so and so, that was it.

I saw him come into the bedroom with his hand behind his back, so I knew something was up. As we both sleep naked I could see that something else was up, as well.

He walked over to the bed and pulled back the covers, then held up the cream and smiled. I wasn't quite sure what he intended doing at first, but quickly latched on when he knelt by my feet and squirted a thin trail of cream from the tips of my toes, along my legs and up my thighs. It felt cold and tickled, but I managed not to wriggle too much as the trail moved up over my body. Paul paused to squirt a large dollop between my legs, then the trail continued up over my stomach and onto my boobs. The *pièce de rèsistance* was a hefty mountain of cream on each boob, like mini-Alps.

Just the thought of what was going to happen next made me wet with anticipation as Paul began at my feet and slowly lapped his way along my body. We've always enjoyed oral sex, but this was an exquisite feeling and a real turn on. Usually I only achieve a climax when Paul is pounding away inside me, but by the time he was licking the cream off my nipples I was going wild.

Of course I reciprocated, and turned his body into a masterpiece of dairy art before licking it off. I even went and got a glacé cherry to put on the end

turn to page 114

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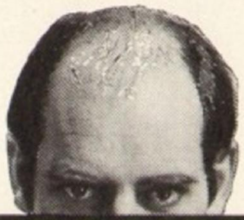

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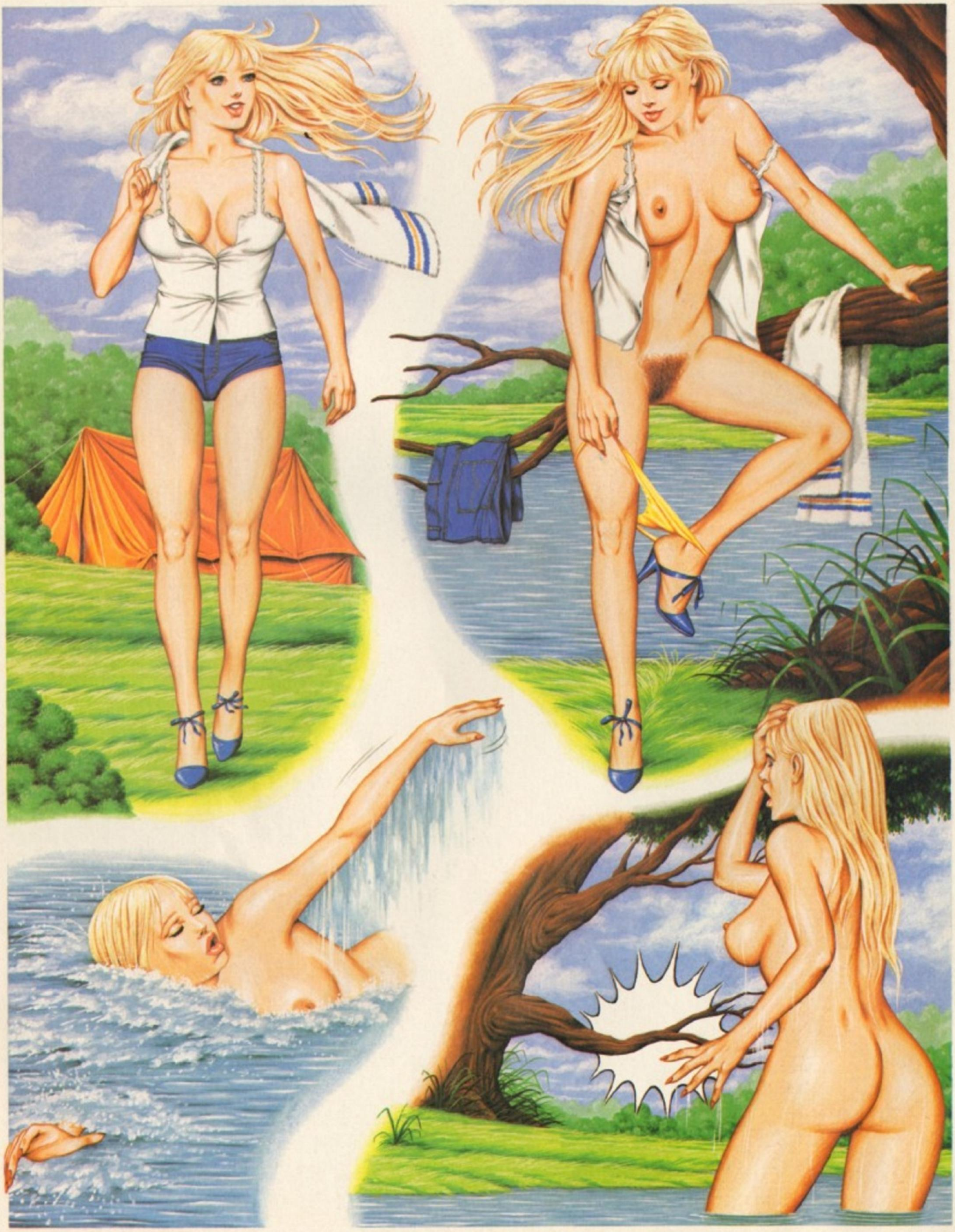

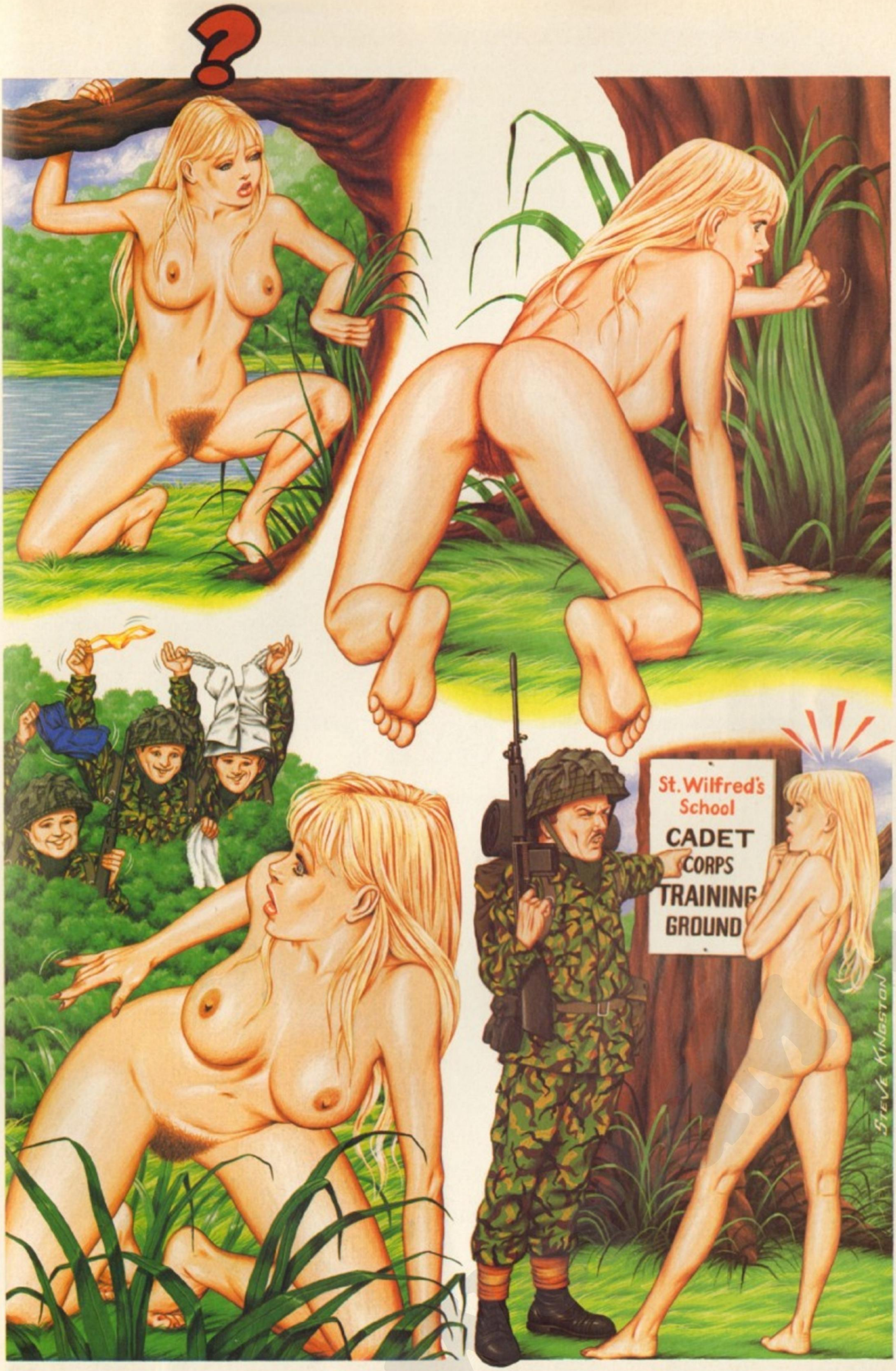

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STEVE KINGSTON

LETTERS

continued from page 110

of his tool to make a perfect knickerbocker glory. After such exciting foreplay we spent most of the night making love.

So what if there wasn't much cream on the boss' trifle, we've discovered a wonderful new game and now the aerosol cream is on my shopping list every week. I'd recommend it to any adventurous couples, but beware, it is fattening.

(Name and address withheld)

We suppose any masochists who tried this would have to use whipping cream.

I enjoy your magazine a great deal, and find one particular aspect of it fascinating. This is the measurements given with the girls. I am particularly turned on by girls who whilst having a well rounded figure also manage to possess a very small waist. The very thought of Sabrina, the star from the fifties, gets me really excited as she had the best combination of curves and slim waist I've known. But that was in my teens, the chance to live out my fantasies with that sort of a girl only passed last year.

I had taken a package holiday weekend in New York and whilst there had decided to sample one of the more upmarket hookers who had been recommended to me, by a hotel barman. To indulge in a certain amount of sexual activity had been one of the reasons for taking the holiday. I went to the appointed address, paid the quite substantial fee, went into a modern bedroom, and waited for the arrival of 'Brenda' (name changed).

When she came in, I went weak at the knees. She was fantastic, the sort of thing that dreams are made of. Her tiny transparent baby-doll nightie did nothing to conceal her wonderful breasts, which although large needed no support, and jutted their pink swollen aureolae against the flimsy fabric. I could hardly take my eyes off them, but when I eventually did my excitement just kept on rising. She was blonde with shoulder length hair. Her thighs, bottom and calves were curved and meaty, but what really held such fascination for me was the fact that her waist was so narrow. She was not very tall, about five foot three, and looked younger than the 20 she claimed to be. Her elfin face giving that illusion of youthfulness.

I undressed with mounting excitement, and held her in my arms whilst my cock brushed against her. With my fingers and thumbs almost touching around her minute waist, I kissed and nibbled at those unbelievably firm breasts. At the same time she stroked my organ against the fabric of her nightie.

We stayed carressing like this for some time whilst Brenda told me about herself. She was very proud of her looks and especially her 38-18-37 figure. Since her early teens her breasts had been very well developed, and her waist small than the measurement around her thigh, which she said was 22 inches.

My excitement was by now getting the better of me, and sensing this she led me to the bed. Whilst I lay on my back, she began to suck gently at me. Moving to a position where she was sitting astride my thighs, she alternately sucked and jerked me for what seemed like an age. Each time I thought I would explode, she would pause holding my tool tightly.

Throughout this my tension mounted to heights I had hitherto only dreamed of. What was more, I had paid for two hours, so there would be time to sample the real thing as well.

I asked her to make me come, and this she did, pulling my cock into a vertical position and lightly stroking me with her hands until the warm flood came.

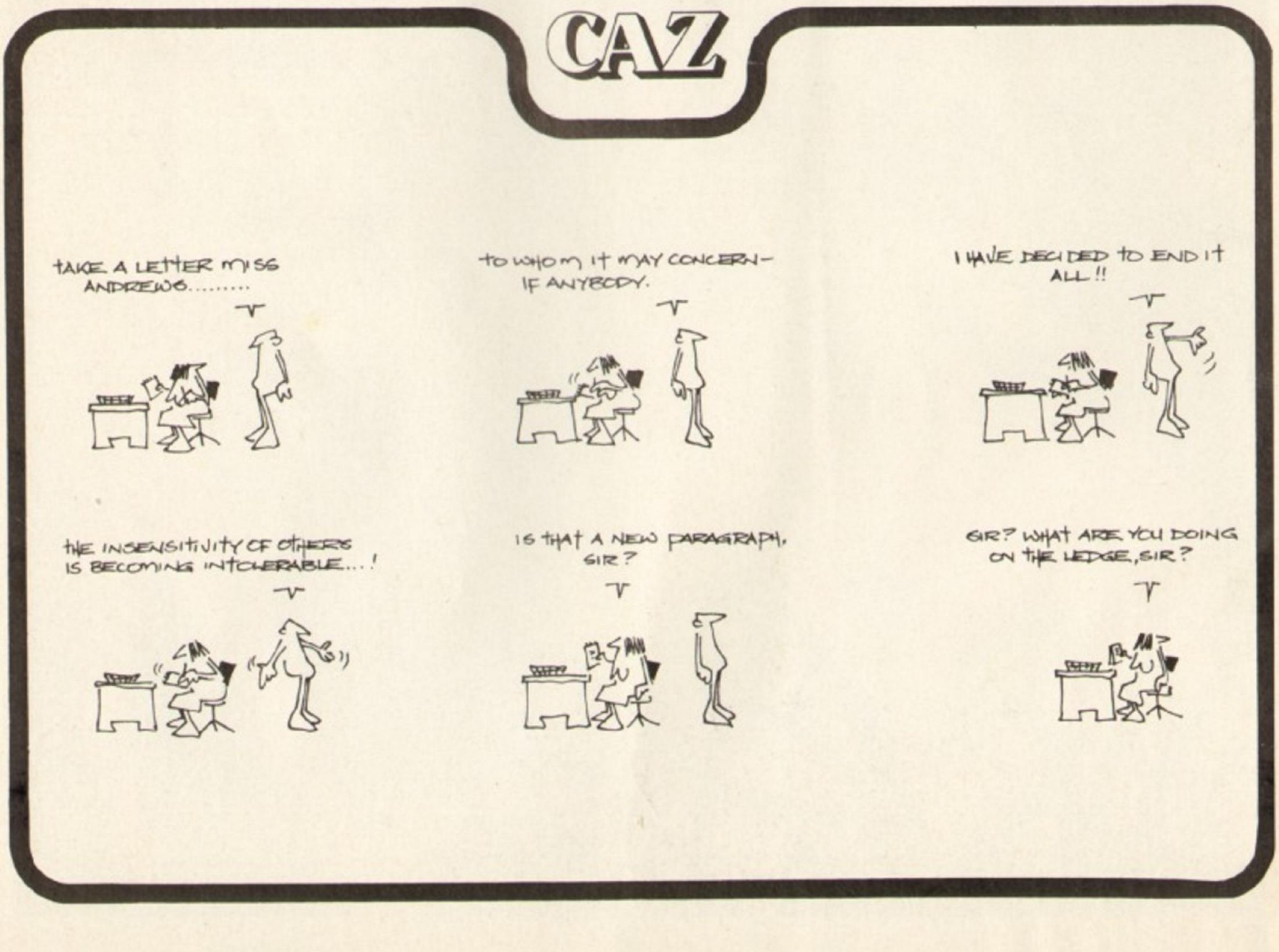
Within half-an-hour I was rock hard again, and experiencing the indescribable sensation of actually entering her from behind as I held her tightly around that 18 inch waist, and she humped her plump, round buttocks against my crotch. Looking back on the incident I think that if I lived within easy reach of Brenda I would be half-dead and bankrupt.

(Name and address withheld)

I thought you might be amused by a sign I saw on holiday this year. It was next to a footpath, and read, 'Dogs must not foul the footpath. Pedestrians only.'

P Mason, Southend-on-Sea

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ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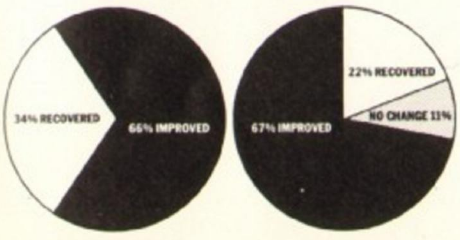

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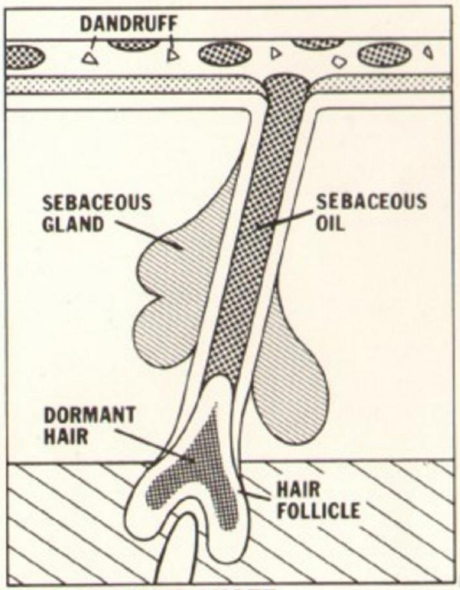

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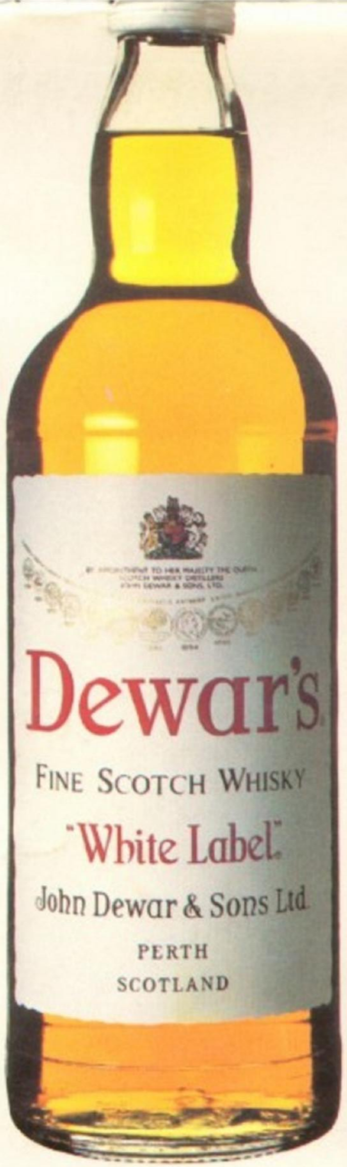
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